

# THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CCXXXIII.

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## HOW TACITUS CONCEIVED HISTORY.\*

### I.

History is one of the forms of literary composition which Rome cultivated most successfully. Quintilian thinks that his country was unsurpassed in that line even by Greece, where, at the time when Tacitus began to write, masterpieces had already appeared which were so universally admired that it would have been almost impossible not to imitate them. They furnished a standard; and a man so attached to the past and so reverent of old tradition as Tacitus, would have been the last to deviate from it. I think, therefore, that if we would understand the manner in which Tacitus conceived history, we must first inquire how it was conceived before his day.

Cicero will tell us what we wish to know. He gives, in several places, explicit directions for the writing of history, directions which were scrupulously followed by the men who came after him. What led him to consider the matter seriously was this. In the latter half of his life, when the "De Oratore" was written, he cherished few illusions concerning the state of the Republic. It required no great perspicacity to see at that time that the

power of the spoken word was diminishing day by day, and difficulties accumulating which could be solved only by force. He himself had already delivered most of his finest orations, and could not hope to add anything to his forensic renown. He was dreaming of some new departure; trying to think in what way he could so employ his versatile talent as to retain his influence over an enlightened public. Later on, when the moment which he had foreboded actually arrived, and a choice had to be made, when eloquence was positively forbidden, he decided in favor of philosophy. But his first impulse and strongest attraction had apparently been toward historical composition.

"History," he says, in a famous passage, "is the contemporary of the ages, the torch of truth, the soul of memory, and the mistress of life." He also takes note of the fact that it is an art peculiarly adapted to the practical genius of the Roman people, one which the character of their government rendered it almost essential for them to cultivate. No one has more conclusively shown that the Roman Constitution was no product of political theorizing, born in the imagination of a single sage, like that of some of the Greek cities. Rather it was a work of time

\* Translated for The Living Age.

and the touch of successive generations; a slow spontaneous growth, shaped by the conflict of forces which prevailed through mutual concession, since destroy one another they could not. Whence it follows that history becomes indispensable for a right understanding of how and why the various component elements of the body-politic entered into the great whole and found their fitting place therein.

A further attraction toward history lay in the fact that, important as it was to the Romans, they had so far had little success in it. Cicero despises the ancient annalists, "Who could not write;" and as for those who, like Caelius Antipater, had endeavored, late in life, to learn something from the Greeks, he finds that they produce bad imitations, and does not hesitate to say: "We have no history." *Abest historia a litteris nostris*. Here then was a fair field for somebody; and it became pertinent to inquire what qualities the writer must have who should undertake to enter it; in other words—What are the laws of history?

The first, according to Cicero, is that of veracity. The historian must carefully ascertain the dates of the events which he records; describe the localities where they occurred; indicate their causes and consequences; paint the manners and customs and describe the characters of the actors, judging them always without passion, and telling things exactly as they occurred. The whole duty of a historian is summed up by Cicero in one short epigrammatic phrase, "*ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*." To tell the truth and the whole truth, without fear and without reserve—such is the supreme law. Have we discovered anything better?

But before we can tell the truth, we must know it—and that is not always so easy. To discover the documents

which contain it, make choice among them, and then weigh and interpret their testimony—these things constitute a complete science, and one both delicate and complex. Did the ancients know and practice such a science? It is not commonly supposed that they did. Cicero says nothing about it, which would seem at least to prove that they attached less importance to it than we do. Nevertheless, they were not strangers to what we call "criticism." Quintilian says that it was taught in the schools. Under the name of "judicium" the critical spirit was cultivated among students, by the so-called grammarians. He taught them to restore corrupt texts, to eliminate spurious works from the list of an author's productions—"as one removes the supposititious children from a household"—finally, to compare authors one with another, and assign their relative rank; and it is not to be supposed that history was treated less critically than grammar. Mere good sense would have taught the historian carefully to examine and estimate the worth of his authorities; and there is plenty of proof that Tacitus, at least, never neglected to do so. He says, for instance, that when it comes to passing a final judgment on Seneca, it will not do to believe all we are told by his intimate friend Fabius Rusticus; and, furthermore, that works which appeared while the Flavian dynasty was in power, are always more or less *suspect* to him, in their testimony concerning the personages and events of that period. It is plain that, in these two cases, he takes pains to be exactly informed and to select the most trustworthy witnesses. He was bound, of course, to do the same, in a great many other cases where he says nothing about it; but it is a remarkable circumstance that he should not have felt obliged to say that he had done so. The obvious conclusion is that nobody

cared to know. The reader of those days did not require a historian to cite his authorities and discuss them with himself. He took the writer's word for his statements, and if the story seemed plausible he was inclined to regard it as true. It must be admitted that a too facile disposition is undesirable in a reader, and has often been abused by the writer of history.

On the other hand, there was a strenuous demand for certain qualities which to some extent supplied the place of the missing ones; and these were, of course, the qualities upon which Cicero laid the greatest stress. He explains the ill-success of the first historians of Rome, by saying that they were not so much historians as chroniclers. They did not know how to present the truth in an agreeable way; or, to use his own words, they told the facts but did not embellish them—*narratores rerum, non oratores*. It is eloquence, according to Cicero, which adorns whatever it touches, and those primitive annalists were unfortunately, not eloquent. He winds up his disquisition with an effective phrase for which he has been severely censured, "History," he says, "is, above all things, an oratorical business." *Opus oratorium maxime*.

Before passing judgment on this deliverance of Cicero's it would be well to understand it. Did he really intend to say, as is commonly supposed, that the historical and oratorical styles are identical? I do not think so. Elsewhere he has clearly distinguished between the two; and his disciple Quintilian is undoubtedly expressing the master's views, when he tells his pupils to read the historians but not imitate them, "for almost everything which is meritorious in them constitutes a defect in the orator." What then was Cicero's exact idea? It seems impossible to determine, unless we give to the words "orator" and "eloquence"

a wider significance than they are usually supposed to bear. Seneca the elder observes that a study of the art of oratory is no mere preparation for speaking in public, but rather a sort of general education, which fits a man for anything. We are thus led to apply the word *eloquentia* to literature in general rather than to prose as opposed to poetry. The eloquent man is not a good speaker only, but a good writer as well. To say in this sense that history should be oratorical, is by no means to say that a historian should employ the devices of the rhetorician; but merely that his work should be artistic and literary, demanding, like all other literary work, care in composition and a strict attention to style. Supposing this to have been Cicero's meaning, what shall we say of it?

A good many of the able minds of our day, preoccupied above all things with accuracy, would like to impose upon the historian the utmost rigor of the scientific method; charging him to adopt the method of Tillemont rather than that of Michelet. It is quite certain, however, that nothing will ever make history a science in the sense in which chemistry and physics are so. Even were it reduced to a mere assemblage of facts—which some people think would be the best way of eliminating the fallacious and arbitrary elements—the facts themselves are of a different order from those which the scientist observes in his laboratory and then describes as he sees them. They are no products of a blind force, acting always in the same way, and bound, under given conditions, always so to act. They proceed from a mobile, fickle, irregular being, who must have been studied by himself, and in the peculiarities of his own nature, before it is possible to understand the reasons of the acts attributed to him, or even to affirm such acts. Thus a knowledge of mankind—the study of

manners, passions, characters—becomes essential to history and gives it the character of literature.

Moreover, the facts themselves, when we are dealing with the past, can only be approached indirectly, and obtained through one or more intermediaries. They exist, for us, only in the narratives of contemporary witnesses, and these narratives do not always agree among themselves. Very often they are mutually contradictory. Two people who have seen the same thing, rarely describe it in the same way; two people who have lived on terms of intimacy with the same personage, seldom judge him after the same fashion. Between these different estimates the historian has to make choice. He must reconstruct a consistent whole out of fragments of truth which are often widely scattered. That the element of personal creation should enter into such a work is inevitable, and those who would banish it entirely reduce the historian to the compilation of something like the convent chronicles of the Middle Ages or the students' manuals of our own day. I would add that, when any one proposes to instruct us concerning the past, we all, apparently, desire him to present it as it was—that is to say, alive. So much is required even by the rule of "Truth before everything." A table of contents, with the dates of the principal facts appended, and references to certain learned dissertations explanatory of the same, is not at all what we want. We desire to see things as they happened; and that is indeed a rare art—the most precious perhaps of all—which can revivify past events. Whence it follows that an historian should be not merely a man of learning, but an artist. If this is what Cicero meant to say, it is unanswerable. His rule is applicable to all times; and to ours, it may be, yet more than to his own. There was never any more need than

now of insisting upon the fact that while that study of documents to which some would restrict us, is a needful preparation for history, it is not history itself; that documents have to be interpreted and utilized, not merely set side by side; in short, to borrow a comparison from Taine, that they are like scaffoldings, indispensable for the building of a house, but to be removed when it is done.

But if Cicero's dictum appears just, when the word "orator" is taken in its widest sense, it must be confessed that it might well have been understood literally, and, in that case, it would have been full of danger. The oratorical style was, just then, the most admired of all; and, during the imperial period especially, all literature ran to eloquence. The writer, whatever his theme, regarded himself in the light of a speaker addressing an audience. He aimed at pomp and splendor of language. He was preoccupied with his own manner; with the setting of his phrases and their effect. He endeavored to dispose and group the details of his narrative in such a manner as to enhance their piquancy. He was tempted, upon occasion, to do even more than this. In the schools of rhetoric, far more stress was laid upon giving pleasure to the public than upon telling it the truth. If the subject were a little jejune, pupils were counselled to throw in a few pleasant imaginary incidents. This process was commonly called "coloring"—though some few were frank enough to call it lying—but at all events, he who could mix his colors most skilfully was surest of the applause of his comrades. It was a device all the more acceptable at Rome because the romance was almost unknown there, and, failing the outlet afforded by that species of literature, men had to satisfy their imaginations in some other way. It was all very well as applied to fictitious characters

and imaginary subjects; but the case was altered when the events of a fanciful tale were alleged actually to have happened in the past. Traditions, on the other hand, were modified without scruple to accommodate them to the requirements of the present; and Cicero himself sanctions this proceeding by the remark that "the orator who invokes history is not obliged to be strictly veracious."

Accuracy and reverence for truth were not, then, among the things taught to young people at school. They acquired bad habits of mind there which clung to them when they became historians, involving dangers which even the greatest of those who have that name, were not always able to avoid.

## II.

Tacitus has nowhere told us in so many words whether his theory of history were quite the same as that of his predecessors, or differed from it. And yet it seems to me that certain intimations may be discovered in the prologues to his great works. Though his meaning is not always clear, and the right interpretation of certain passages has been much disputed, it seems to me as plain as need be that he shows himself extremely severe on the historians of the Imperial period, and very favorable to those of the Republic. Is not this, in itself, one way of announcing his program, and may we not say that when he gives us his reasons for condemning the former and approving the latter, he is telling us after a fashion both what he himself desires to avoid, and what he proposes to do?

For Tacitus, the decadence of Roman letters began with the establishment of the Empire. "Since the battle of Actium," he says, in the preface to his *History*, "we have had no men of commanding genius." It is a phrase which

must be construed freely, else we should have to exclude from the list of great writers Titus Livius, the first books of whose history were not published until several years after the victory of Augustus. Tacitus cannot have intended this, for he has elsewhere praised the work of Livy in the warmest terms. Subsequently, moreover, in the preface to the *Annals*, and as if to guard himself from all misconception, he advanced his date a little, making the period of decadence begin with the accession of Tiberius. It is from this time on that he condemns the writers of history; and it is to be observed that he makes no distinction among them. Some of those later historians were well thought of in their day, and had a certain celebrity; but he treats these no better than the rest, involving them all in one sweeping condemnation.

Now what is his charge against these men? It is the gravest which can be brought against a writer of history:—They were not particular to tell the truth. "While evil princes lived they lied from fear. The day after their deaths they lied from hate." They pass, according to circumstances, from cowardly compromise to violent abuse. The latter seems, to Tacitus, peculiarly dangerous, because "men distrust a flatterer; but are always disposed to believe those who speak evil of their kind." For himself—though he knows very well that nothing is easier than for malignity to assume the air of a noble independence—he promises to beware of it; and it is in this respect, most of all, that he proposes to differ from other historians of the Empire.

The praise which he lavishes on the historians of the Republican period is less easy to understand. They had been long neglected, but public opinion was beginning to do them a little more justice; and a decided reaction had set in against that modern school whose



principles are defended by Aper in his "Dialogue on Oratory." Not only had Cicero been rehabilitated, but there were those who wished to go back to Cato and the Gracchi; who put Lucilius above Horace, and liked the poem of Lucretius better than that of Virgil—unless indeed the Annals of Eunius were to be preferred to both. Tacitus can hardly have sanctioned these exaggerations; yet it is easy to see that he was disposed to exalt the early historians of Rome. He liked their thorough familiarity with public affairs, their frankness, their fearlessness, their sincerity. He is not likely to have been shocked by their simple, not to say rude manner of expressing themselves; and he probably agreed with Quintilian, who said, at about the same time, of the Republican writers generally:—"It is to them we must go for honest and virile language; since we are tainted, even to our literary style, with all manner of corruption."

It is true that in treating the early historians thus deferentially, he puts himself in direct opposition to Cicero, whose judgment of them, as we have seen, is not favorable. But, as a matter of fact, Cicero's one charge against them is that they are not oratorical. To him, with his *opus oratorium maxime*, this was a capital defect; but we—who are less enamored of rhetoric, and who even find too much of it at times, in some of the old historians—shall probably be less severe than he on those of them whose worst fault it is to have neglected, to some extent, the graces of speech. When Cicero says that they merely retail facts without adorning them he is actually finding fault; though to us what he says would seem high praise. We desire nothing better than to find well-informed historians who have no care save to tell what they have seen and tell it exactly as it happened. It would be exceedingly

interesting to possess the pages where old Fabius Pictor described those terrible battles with the Carthaginians at which he was present, to read his account of the interviews between Cincius Alimentus and Hannibal whose prisoner he was, and what Sempronius Asellio said of Scipio Æmilius under whom he served at Numantium. We might derive more pleasure from such bald accounts, than from histories much more elegant and ornate in form.

May we not suppose then, since he praises them so unreservedly, that Tacitus regarded the ancient writers very much as we do? Seeing that the objection urged against them and, apparently, with great justice, of lacking grace and eloquence, did not prevent him from esteeming them very highly, it seems fair to conclude that the fault in question was not as grave a one to him as to Cicero, and that he cared less than the orator to have an historian oratorical. It may seem a little surprising in an author who has himself been accused of abusing the art of rhetoric; but the same conclusion is to be drawn from a passage in the "Agricola" which appears, at first sight, rather singular. He compares Fabius Rusticus who lived under Nero, with Titus Livius, "the two most eloquent historians of Rome; the one among the ancients; the other among the moderns." After this it seems rather strange that he should not have excepted Fabius from the censure passed upon the Imperial historians as a whole. Shall we say that he openly contradicted himself, as he is sometimes accused of doing? Was it not rather that while admitting Fabius to have been the most eloquent writer of his time, he does not consider that this makes him an accomplished historian, for the reason that eloquence is not, to him, the sole, or even the most important, qualification of the historian? In this very same passage of the "Agrico-

la" he uses the word "eloquence" in a manner which gives rise to reflection. He is going to describe Britain, and he says that previous authors, who knew nothing about the country, have merely indulged in a little fine writing, but that he proposes to replace eloquence by truth:—"quae priores eloquentia percoluere, rerum fide tradentur." I seem to detect in this expression a touch of irony as regards those who aim at fine writing even at the cost of accuracy, and consider it the one thing needful. It was an opinion which Tacitus did not share; and I think we may fairly conclude that he was resolved, in his own work, to give no undue attention to qualities of external form. His idea was that history should be simple, serious and sincere; interesting through the trustworthiness of the information conveyed; more concerned with solidity of substance than with grace of manner. This, I think, was what he desired himself to achieve. Has he really done it?

### III.

His first and proudest claim on his own behalf is that he both loved and told the truth. He professes always to have sought it industriously and set it forth impartially. He will speak of all things and of all men, without favor and without passion—*sine ira et studio*. Others have made the same promises, and broken them; but it seems to me that we feel surer of Tacitus than of other men. There is a candor in his accent which inspires confidence. Not that he has avoided all the errors of his time. His method is often faulty; memory plays him false now and again, and he is swayed by unconscious prejudice. He is occasionally deceived, but we have no reason for supposing that he ever desired to deceive others. Such indeed has been the opinion commonly held of him. Nevertheless there are

those who, while theoretically admitting, or at least not openly contesting, his honesty in matters of detail, do not always appear to value the quality as they ought, or even to take it seriously. For my own part, when Tacitus makes a clear and explicit statement, as, for example, when he speaks of the pains he has taken to inform himself on a given subject, and the sources from which he has derived his information—I think he is to be believed. When he says that he found his facts in the works of other historians (*inuenio, reperio apud auctores*) I accept the statement; and when he says that he has consulted several authorities (*quidam, alii, plerique*) I do not think, as some do, that he uses the plural by way of emphasis and rhetorical exaggeration, and that he really had only one author to whom to refer. To start from his assertions, when he speaks of things which he has himself done or seen, and to take them quite literally, seems to me the only way of arriving at any solid conclusion concerning the sources of his information.

When Tacitus is read in this way the student soon perceives that he quotes original documents and other writers oftener than almost any other ancient historian. It is not done by him, as so often in our day, merely to make a fatuous display of erudition and give himself the air of knowing more than others, because it was not then considered any great merit in an author, and he got no glory from it. Perhaps he felt constrained to a stricter exactitude because his books dealt with personages whose sons and grandsons were living when he wrote, and with contemporary events which were still the subject of heated controversy. This would explain the great pains he took to inform himself, and why it is that, so much more often than his predecessors, he offers to give proof of what he says.

He does not do all in this way that we could have wished. From our modern point of view he availed himself much too freely of the privileges accorded to the annalists of his era. It is hard to be content with his vague references to previous authors—*alii, plerique*—we would rather he had given us their names, and told us before quoting them, his reasons for accepting their testimony. But at all events he does quote; and this is much, and he should have due credit for it.

For a man desiring to write the history of the Roman Emperors, there was indeed plenty of information to be had. To begin: there were the official documents. I do not refer to those which were kept under strong lock and key in the Imperial archives, and which contained state secrets. Such were the *commentarii principales*—memoirs of journals which the Emperors kept for their own private use, and which could hardly have been placed at the disposition of the world. Tiberius had written such, and so had Claudius; and Domitian pored over them continually. When, on the accession of Galba, a request was made that the Senate be allowed to consult Nero's memoirs in order to find out who the persons were who had served the interests of that prince by the accusation of innocent men, permission was refused. But beside these "princely commentaries" there were verbal reports of the proceedings of the Senate (to which all imperial matters were at that time referred)—the so-called *Acta Senatus*. "These contained," says M. Fabia, "first, an official statement of the question proposed by the President, and the decision reached by the assembly; and then an analysis of the opinions expressed by all such members as had embraced their opportunity to speak, as well as of the communications sent to the body by the Emperors themselves and the ac-

clamations with which they were received. If not the exact equivalent of our stenographic reports these were something more than our ordinary analyses of debates." After Augustus, they were no longer published in full, but important persons, like Tacitus, could easily get access to them; and on one occasion he quotes them explicitly—*reperio in commentariis Senatus*. Moreover all that was most important in these Acts, all that it most concerned the public to know—the text of laws and decrees, imperial addresses, and a summary of all proceedings in the Senate—were recorded in daily bulletins, which were accessible to all the world. Not only might they be read of all, in the public places where they were posted up, but they were copied, sent to the provinces, and preserved both in public and in private libraries. This "Daily Journal of the Roman People"—"*Acta diurna populi Romani*"—could always be consulted; and it would appear that, in Tacitus's day, people were just beginning to appreciate its importance. Toward the close of the first century, a certain learned grammarian, Asconius Pedanius, found that the Journal afforded great assistance in the interpretation of Cicero; and later, under Vespasian, a general and statesman who had developed a genius for investigation—Mucien—rummaged all the libraries for old copies, and compiled eleven volumes of ancient journals, and three of letters, which he published. What would we not give for a sight of these books?

There is no doubt, then, that Tacitus made use, upon occasion, of official documents. Once he expressly quotes the "Proceedings of the Senate," and once the "Daily Journal;" and the probability is that he consulted them often—er than he cared to say. From them he must have got those addresses of the Emperor from which he sometimes

quotes passages, and sometimes merely notes the fact that they were delivered. He had them before him, most likely, when he describes, rather fully, certain sessions of the Senate, and goes into the views advanced by different members. But since he himself felt under no obligation to specify what he borrowed, it is difficult for us to define the extent of his obligation to these authorities. Those who think it greater than has commonly been supposed rely mainly upon a passage in the letters of the younger Pliny, which gives some color to their opinion. Pliny, who very much wished posterity to talk about him, tells the story to Tacitus of a quarrel he once had with a famous "informer" of the time of Domitian, and tells it with the express purpose of having it put into the History; but adds, by way of apology: "I am sure the circumstance cannot have escaped your conscientious researches, for it is all in the published Acts." Pliny then takes it for granted that Tacitus had thoroughly ransacked the "*Acta Publica*," and made use of all that he found there.

The probability is that he did draw more from the official records than was common in his day, and more than public opinion would have required. We wish that he had made even greater use of them; but it is easy, after we know the man, to understand what deterred him. He did not share the partiality of Mucien, and ourselves, for the newspaper; and we shall presently see that the "*Acta Diurna*" of Rome seemed to him to be full of idle tales, which were repugnant to the seriousness of his mind. The "*Acta Senatus*," or official reports of the Senate, did not please him much better. They were edited by an imperial functionary, carefully chosen for his abject devotion, who said only so much as was desired and in the manner desired. This was no way to ascertain the truth.

The reports in question were crammed with base flatteries of bad princes, with flagrant lies concerning false victories and imaginary plots, with the unblushing eulogies of informers and freedmen and with slanderous accusations against honest folk, which Tacitus could barely endure to read. He was wrong, of course. From this mass of rubbish the accomplished historian might have culled useful information—more precise dates, more certain facts; and it is much to be regretted that he made no greater effort to overcome his disgust.

## IV.

Severe as Tacitus was on previous historians of the Empire, he made great use of their works, and he does not attempt to deny it. They had written of contemporary events, and it was impossible to neglect their testimony. But just how and to what extent he availed himself of the work of others, is a question which has been much discussed in our day, and with no very satisfactory result.

Among the various theories that have been suggested, there is one more radical than all the rest—one which by its very audacity, and the hardihood of the assertions by which it has been sustained, has won a considerable degree of credit. It amounts to this: that when the ancient historians approach a subject that has been treated already, they do not trouble themselves to begin at the beginning and do over again what has been already done; they do not, in short, apply to original sources, but are satisfied with selecting from their predecessors the one who pleases them best, and, the choice once made, they attach themselves to that particular author, follow him step by step, and are quite content merely to embellish his narratives with the grace of their own style. This proc-

ess, we are told, is not merely a vicious practice to which men shut their eyes through an indulgent partiality for certain indolent writers, but a universal custom, which the historian was constrained to adopt. It is, in fact, a law—the law of Nissen, so called from the name of the man who discovered it. I must confess that this “law”—about which we find not a word in all antiquity—leaves me very sceptical; and I should say that it was less applicable to the historians of Rome than to any others.

The Roman was a compiler by nature. In all his literary undertakings he relied on the resources of Greek learning. He read every word which others had written upon his subject, finding it no drudgery; and so far from attempting to conceal the thoroughness of his research, he was proud of it. Quintilian tells us that before beginning his work on the education of an orator he passed two entire years reading the authors—he says the “innumerable” authors—who had treated the same subject before him; and the elder Pliny boasts of having given in his “Natural History,” “twenty thousand important facts gathered in the perusal of two thousand volumes.” Is it conceivable that in the history of mankind alone, the Romans followed a different method? Why should they have abandoned all their ordinary habits and made a law requiring the historian alone to select a single model and never deviate from it?

The “law of Nissen” has been applied to Tacitus in its utmost rigor. He is asserted to have reproduced, almost exactly, a previous historian. There is more or less disagreement about the name of the historian. Some would have it Cluvius Rufus, and some Pliny the elder; but all agree that, whoever he may have been, Tacitus was absolutely subservient to him, borrowing, without alteration, not merely the de-

tails of his narrative, but even those general reflections which seem to us most characteristic of the man. His whole originality would then consist in giving a liveller turn to some of his appropriations, and flinging into his recital now and again a few more brilliant words or better turned phrases—all of which is the work of a scholar rather than an historian. What kind of a Tacitus is this, and how are we to explain the great impression made by his work, from the very first, upon those who had his models under their eyes, and would have known exactly how little he had added to them?

Moreover, while it is conceivable that he might have put himself under the exclusive tutelage of some particular predecessor for whom he had a decided preference, we know, as a matter of fact, that he made very little account of any of them, and excepts none from his condemnation. Are we to see in this critical severity of his an adroit manœuvre, and conclude that his strictures are intended merely as a cloak to his pickings and stealings? It would be a device most unworthy of Tacitus, beside being quite superfluous, if this fashion of reproducing the work of previous writers were indeed the accepted rule. And finally it is to be observed that it is precisely not the style of those who preceded him which Tacitus condemns—he even says of one of them that he was remarkably eloquent. What he blames is the substance rather than the form, which makes it absurd to suppose that he borrowed the substance, caring only to improve the form.

Let us leave these bewildering hypotheses and go straight to Tacitus himself:—his own testimony being, as we have seen, more trustworthy than any other. Over and over again he tells us that he consulted many different authors; (*secutus plurimos auctorum—celiberrimos auctores habeo—tradunt tem-*



*poris hujus auctores*, etc., etc.), and he even provides for the case of their disagreement, which he certainly would not trouble himself to do, if he had selected one to be exclusively followed. "I shall follow without naming them," he says, "where they all agree. Where they differ, I will give my authority for either statement." This may not be the best method, and, whatever he say, Tacitus did not always employ it; but it proves, at least, that he compared other writers with one another before writing himself. We perceive, moreover, that he did not confine himself to the most illustrious writers, but availed himself of suggestions derived from the obscure and seldom read. He says, for instance, of a circumstance in the life of the widow of Germanicus, that it is not mentioned by any of the formal historians, and that he found it in the memoirs of Agrippina the mother of the Emperor Nero. He would not have found it there, had he not looked for it; and he is, in fact, proud of discoveries of this sort, and takes credit to himself for having made some curious ones. "It has been my good fortune," he says, "to discover not a few important facts which others had overlooked." Is this the tone of a man who is indifferent about his facts, and merely vain of his style?

Not only do I think that when Tacitus says he has consulted several authors, we may believe him because he says so, but it seems to me that there are very few histories in which one feels more surely than in his, a variety of sources. And one feels this diversity, not from page to page alone, but sometimes in a single sentence. In the beginning of the *Annals*, in order to explain the shuffling and embarrassed attitude of Tiberius—who dares not accept the authority offered him by the Senate although he is dying to do so—the suggestion is made that Ti-

berius held off "in order that he might seem to have been selected and invited by the republic rather than craftily imposed upon the people by the intrigues of a woman, and the adoption of an old man." Here Tacitus appears to follow the lead of an historian favorable to Tiberius, or, at all events, of one who took full account of the pride which the latter had inherited from his ancestors, the Claudii. But the writer's tone suddenly changes. "In the end," he says, "this pretended indecision was seen to have had another motive, that of fully fathoming the minds of the leading men"—for the purpose, we infer, of taking fuller vengeance on them later. But this last is plainly the theory of an enemy of the prince, who had industriously collected all the current slanders. This habit of picking up information anywhere and everywhere has its dangers; it leads to self-contradiction—another notable instance being the famous passage in which Tacitus speaks of the Jews. On the testimony of the biographer of Antiochus Epiphanes, who claims that he saw, in the temple at Jerusalem, an ass's head made of gold, Tacitus tells us, for a fact, that the Jews have a sacred image of that animal in their sanctuary. But a little further on, having also read that when Pompey made his way into the Jewish temple, he found it entirely empty, he states with equal confidence that the Jews do not suffer statues to be set up in their towns and still less in their temples. Of these contradictory assertions, Tacitus was bound to have sacrificed one; but it would seem that he had not the courage to do so, and I may remark in this place that the common conception of the man is not altogether a right one. Judging by some things, one would pronounce him stiff, positive and severe, but I should rather incline to believe him slightly timid and disposed to waver. My own criti-

clism upon his method would be—not that he pinned his faith exclusively upon any one of the historians who preceded him, but rather that he did not always know how to make the best choice among them; that he aspired to make use of them all, even when they did not agree among themselves. We feel his hesitation amid conflicting opin-

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(To be concluded.)

ions; and that he himself is troubled by it. Once we find him driven almost to despair by the bewilderment of contradictory assertions and sadly confessing that with the best will in the world, it seems impossible to get at the exact truth about the greatest events—*adeo maxima quæque ambigua sunt!*

*Gaston Boissier.*

## MODERN SOCIAL DRAMA AS INFLUENCED BY THE NOVEL.\*

### I.

The species of modern play whose origin I desire to discuss has no particular name, but can easily be defined by some of its characteristics. It professes to be a transcript of life, and is therefore a social drama, dealing with more or less fundamental traits, and including incidents which are ugly, tragic or pathetic as the case may be. This form of dramatic construction is at present nameless, because it cannot be put under any of the recognized formulæ. We know the well-worn classification of plays—tragedies, comedies, historical plays. A tragedy is a play, dealing for the most part with characters of distinction, involving a conflict between the characters and their fates, and ending with disaster to the persons concerned. A comedy, on the contrary, deals with the oddities, the humorous aspects of life. It laughs at follies, and sometimes at vices. The characters are a little artificial, or, at all events, exaggerated; the conclusion is a happy one. The plays we call historical explain themselves. They are occupied with a period of his-

tory, based on annals, dealing with actual personages, although a certain amount of latitude is allowed in recounting their careers. But what are we to say of the modern social dramas? They are intended to be a transcript from real life, and so far they may be called historical, but the characters are purely imaginary, and as a rule the story is intended to indicate, if not a moral, at least some social problem or difficulty. You cannot call them Comedies, because, as a rule, they have not a happy ending. You cannot call them Tragedies, but they undoubtedly include some very tragic events. Moreover—and that is a very distinctive feature—their *dramatis personæ* are not taken from those highly-placed or conspicuous heroes and heroines with whom Ancient Drama was concerned, but with the ordinary individual, the man whom you meet, the woman whom you meet, in the thoroughfares of life. Can we without offence call them Bourgeois Dramas? That, at least, would not be unjust with regard to the majority of Ibsen's social plays, and the title would serve to distinguish the characters from those familiar to us in Ancient Drama. Or shall we style them "Comédies Larmoyantes," in order to

\* Part of a lecture delivered at the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Feb., 1902.

show that, although they may seem in texture to belong to the comic Muse, in spirit and in intention, that is to say, in the range of pathetic incident, they have about them the scowl of the tragic Muse? Bourgeois Dramas or "Comédies Larmoyantes," the name does not matter, so long as the variety indicated is understood. The great point is that they suggest a new type, a type which was utterly unknown to the earlier dramatic critic.

It is not difficult to find examples, for most of the contemporary work of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Esmond, Captain Marshall, and others, illustrates in different ways the prevailing social type, either in accordance with the Robertsonian method or the psychological. It would be hardly unjust to say that some of the pieces of Mr. Pinero have reflected the influence of Ibsen, especially perhaps "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." "Iris" illustrates a sort of joint influence of Ibsen and the French school of Alexandre Dumas. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is decidedly modern French in its tendency, with such differences as are due to Germanic and Scandinavian examples. What, however, is perfectly plain is that Mr. Pinero has in studies like these accepted one form of the dramatic idea, the conception namely of Drama as analytic, psychological, dealing with social problems of the day. But now look at the opposite idea. No plays have recently been more successful than those of Captain Marshall. They are neither analytical nor psychological, nor do they deal with problems. Once, it is true, he made a hesitating experiment in this direction in "The Broad Road;" but if we take his best-known specimens, "His Excellency the Governor," "The Royal Family," "The Noble Lord," "The Second in Command," what are these but studies in the Robertsonian method, dealing not with social problems, but with all the

bubbles that burst on the surface of social fashion, the chances and changes which now make us interested in Parliament and now in the Boer War? Mr. Esmond, who represents the most zealous and intelligent of the youthful contingent of dramatists, oscillates apparently between these two ideals. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is more difficult to deal with, because in one sense he is more original than any of the others. That is to say, he works more exclusively on his own lines; while no man of equal eminence has been guilty of such curious failures. Beginning with melodramas he has gradually worked his way to the composition of comedy, sometimes admirable comedy as in "The Liars" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan," sometimes ignoble comedy, as in "The Lackey's Carnival" and "The Princess's Nose," sometimes paradoxical tragedy, as in "The Tempter." But "Mrs. Dane's Defence" was a noteworthy production, because in a fashion it summed up some of the oddest of our contemporary dramatic views. It was a comedy—but was it indeed a comedy? It touched the fringes of a most serious question, the question whether there was any place of repentance for a woman who by her own fault or the fault of others had deviated from the recognized path. It attempted some psychology, but without much effect, for Mrs. Dane was by no means a complex character. Above all, it touched its subject sentimentally. Mrs. Dane was the heroine; Mrs. Dane was the sinner. Sir Daniel Carteret represented the voice of outraged Society, was the embodiment of the social conscience, so to speak. Nevertheless, with whom were our sympathies supposed to lie? Assuredly with Mrs. Dane. Could it be described therefore as a comedy of revolt? No, for the heroine is conveniently got rid of, and the enamored young man is sent, to effect his mental

and moral cure, abroad. And in this uncertainty of touch it exactly summed up the vacillating temper of the modern audience. There must be a little psychological analysis, but not too much; there must be a little girding at social conventions, but the social conventions must ultimately prevail; there need not be much logic, but there must be romance and sentiment. The moral problems must be solved, not in terms of the head but of the heart.

## II.

How did such a variety of drama begin? It will be said that Shakespeare's comedies are not comedies in the ordinary sense of the term, and that he suggested this novel treatment of dramatic themes. Nevertheless there was a fanciful technique, a playful handling, about the *Shakespearean Comedy*, a delightful Arcadian atmosphere, of the Forest of Arden, of the enchanted isle, or of that midsummer night in the proximity of Athens, which take our great English dramatist's work in this department into quite another category. For the *Bourgeois Drama*, the "*Comédie Larmoyante*," is in deadly earnest. There are no breezes about it of fairyland. The air is thick and heavy with northern fog, the spirit has some of the gloom, the meditative pessimism, which distinguish the art work of Northern Europe from that of the Southern races. We must go, I think, a little later than the seventeenth century to understand how this new phenomenon arose.

In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, there was developed a new department of literary effort, big with consequences for succeeding ages. It was the discovery of the novel. Of course there was a novel in Shakespeare's time, as M. Jusserand, amongst others, has shown, a sort of diffuse, amorphous, romantic story, full of in-

cidents, the Picaresque novel. But that is not what we mean by novel. We mean a serious study of existing social aspects; an analytic study of certain kinds of character; the suggestion of a moral, the illustration at all events of the tendency and the effect of certain moral laws, which so far as we can tell govern the Universe. And that was the capital invention of Samuel Richardson, the odd, sympathetic little printer, always happy in the society of women, the man full of sensibility, the man also endowed with acutely perceptive instincts, the author who dared to tell the fortunes of a servant girl, one of the most extraordinary influences dominating European literature in the eighteenth century. What is the history of Pamela? Never mind what analogies we can find in contemporary work in France and elsewhere. Here is the man who set a definite stamp upon a particular kind of work. He wrote a romantic account of the temptations of a servant girl. He painted all her prudishness, all her resolute virtue, her absurd sentimentalities, her love for the master whom she yet feared. Or what is "*Clarissa Harlowe*?" Once more it is the analysis of a woman's mind, or the analysis of the mind of a seducer, infinitely protracted, yet never failing in a certain gift of reality and truth. The characters are of the middle class, more or less. One would hardly care to except even Sir Charles Grandison from this category. And what Richardson began, Rousseau carried on—the same passionate analysis, the same love of confession, the sorrows and agonies of sentimental souls, all the marks in short which characterize his "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," and his "*Confessions*." About the same time when Richardson was working, a man called George Lillo, born of a Dutch father and an English mother, produced a play, "*George Barnwell*, or *The Merchant of London*." It was the

story of an apprentice who falls into the hands of a courtesan, and is therefore led on to robbery and murder, written in a stilted style, full of rhetorical *gaucherie*, an admirable specimen of combined sentiment and fustian. This play had a great success in the Metropolis and possibly a still greater success abroad.<sup>1</sup> It was precisely a Bourgeois Drama, the very prototype of some of the work of Ibsen, although infinitely more clumsy than any of the great Scandinavian's work. Now, Lillo, Richardson, Cumberland, Jean Jacques Rousseau were all engaged in precisely the same task; they were practically the inventors of new points of view for Literature and Art, deserting the classical thoroughfares and striking out modern paths of their own. The Germanic spirit in them was revolting against the Latin spirit which had hitherto dominated Europe. The Goths were once more sacking Rome.

Since that period Modern Drama has been more profoundly influenced by the extraordinary development of the novel than by any other single power or impulse in the modern world. Shakespeare, oddly enough, although wholly innocent of any classical upbringing, was almost remarkably true to Aristotelian canons of dramatic work. He knew nothing about the so-called dramatic unities.

You can never compare him with Corneille or Racine, the men who were trained in classical schools. But the only unity which Aristotle probably cared about, the unity of action, Shakespeare faithfully illustrated in all his plays. And as Aristotle desired, he made his heroes and heroines conspicuous personages, to a large degree typical rather than individual. So have not worked his successors. The Bourgeois Drama has nothing Aristotelian about it. It is born of an antagonism,

either expressed or implicit, to the whole of the classical tradition. When Richardson, chaperoned by Rousseau, gained his enormous ascendancy in France, those who strove to check the invasion were supporting the Latin spirit against the Germanic, the classical regularity and clear-cut formal outlines against the new irregularity, the want of form, the uncouth structures of the Bourgeois Drama.

### III.

What precisely is the influence of the novel upon Modern Drama? In what respects is it manifested? In the first place the modern novel, as introduced by Richardson, deals with ordinary life and ordinary personages. There is no reason to look at Courts or at the chronicles of the nobility for human and moving themes. You will find such themes all round you, in the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, among the merchants, among the clerks, in the drawing-rooms of struggling, ambitious, impecunious folk, in the ordinary experience of each twenty-four hours in each common-place life.

In the second place, the subject or theme is to be a faithful transcript of existence as we know it, with little or no idealization, including all the ugliness as well as all the prettiness, portraying meanness as well as nobility of temperament, a photograph of casual men and women with all their lines and freckles and pimples. In the third place, our occupation must be to dissect and analyze character, to watch the nuances, to delineate the motives, confused, contradictory and vacillating, which govern the actions of the average individual. When Richardson commenced this sort of analysis, he hit upon the expedient of making his characters write voluminous letters to one another.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. also Richard Cumberland's "The Brothers" and "The Jew."



Letters served the purpose of a public confessional, and in those times of self-abandonment, when sentimental men or sentimental women confide their secrets either to diaries or sympathetic correspondents, we undoubtedly reach some of the intricacies of a human personality. The letter form has never quite gone out of our modern literature, but its range has been fortunately curtailed. In the fourth place, the novel was the exposition of some given theme, or problem, social or moral. In Richardson the aim was avowedly didactic. Read his lengthy title pages. He explains to his reader that his Pamelas and Clarissas are to exemplify this, that, or the other about the excellency of virtue, the perils to which chastity is exposed, the unutterable excellence of modesty and a simple religiousness. Since then this didactic aim has not been so unblushingly avowed, yet in the greater part of Germanic literature it is there, implied, if not wholly revealed. Many analogies can be framed between the work of George Elliot and that of Georges Sand. But what is the contrast, what is the great gulf fixed, between the French and the English novelist? Precisely this. Georges Sand was an idealist, and wrote in pursuit of purely artistic aims, whereas George Elliot faithfully and laboriously painted pictures of actual life, of which the moral, unutterably gloomy or moderately cheerful, was always near the surface. Ordinary people, ordinary life, a faithful transcript of reality, psychological analysis, a moral implicit or acknowledged—these are the characteristics of the novel which the Germanic peoples have invented for their own satisfaction. And because novels form a tremendously powerful department of literature, they have carried along with them Modern Drama, which in its turn illustrates precisely the same characteristics.

## IV.

The things which the novelist can do are, however, not necessarily easy for the dramatist. In a novel or romance of some length there is every opportunity for the author to carry out that serious analysis, that detailed investigation of motives, which render his personages vital and interesting. The novelist can build up his characters, piece after piece, brick after brick. He can show us his hero in chapter after chapter, developing slowly on pre-determined lines, influenced by the various circumstances to which he is exposed, overpowered by one set of conditions, reacting against and overpowering another set of conditions. Such a study as this requires length, breadth and thickness, it needs some of those *longueurs* of narrative which the ordinary reader sometimes finds embarrassing in the case of Scott, of Thackeray, and even of Dickens. Or let us assume that the object in hand is the portrayal of a given phase of contemporary life with all its thousand and one incidents, with all those minutiae whose infinitesimal differences distinguish one epoch of the world's history from another. The literary painter of such a period has got to take a big canvas. He has to be content to occupy a good deal of time in working out his details. Or, once more, he is thoroughly possessed by some lesson or moral he desires to inculcate. So far as he is an artist he will not make this too obvious. He will put it below the surface of his story with a hint here and a hint there, with a slow series of evolving incidents leading up to the end, the moral, the piece of didacticism which is in his mind. That I take it is how the novelist works, and the essence of his industry is that he should have elbow room. But now compare on the other hand the dramatist. The one thing he does not possess is time and

space. He must make his effects sharply and clearly. He cannot afford to be dilatory. He must shorten processes, indicate, suggest the various steps and present broad and striking results which carry conviction to the eyes and mind of the spectator. His method, one would say, is the exact antithesis of that of the novelist. What the one can do slowly and gradually, the other must do summarily and rapidly. The effects which the one can produce by careful insistence on a series of details, the other must present to the eye with a certain sharp abruptness, with a certain concentrated clearness, in order to get his spectators in the right mood.

But if the dramatist is going to accept the influence of the novelist, if he is going to work with identical methods, is it not clear that he is essaying the extraordinarily difficult task of translating into color for the eye what his brother artist portrays as ideas for the mind? The modern Social Drama has to give a picture of an ordinary life lived under ordinary conditions; it demands a careful psychological inquiry, the dissection of motives, the analysis of a social problem, the suggestion or the inculcation of a moral. Nine men out of ten if asked how all this is to be done, would answer without hesitation that it would require a book of 400 pages. And your modern dramatist says No, I will give it you in a series of pictures lasting two and a-half hours. Is it not inevitable that characters will be imperfectly designed, that events will happen for which we have not been properly prepared, that we shall suddenly find ourselves face to face with a crisis we did not anticipate, that we shall see the obvious external conditions of a given state or episode or conclusion, but be left wondering how the characters ever got there? The dramatist in endeavoring to imitate the procedure and aims of

the novelist is from this point of view like a man trying to reproduce on a canvas seven feet by four an opera by Wagner.

No better illustration could be found than the latest specimen of the serious Drama, Mr. Pinero's play of "Iris." The first three acts are occupied with the slow and careful elucidation of the heroine's character, a thing which would be done by a novelist, because he has got plenty of space and elbow room, in a series of elaborate chapters. But as a play "Iris" has to be brought to a conclusion, and suddenly in the last two acts we get to the very crisis of her fate. Iris the self-indulgent, the weak lover of luxury, the soft, charming, backboneless heroine is suddenly exchanged for Iris the betrayer, Iris the woman who has leapt over all social barriers, Iris the mistress of a man she loathes. And what has happened between the first three and the last two acts? Just what would be the most interesting part of the story as written in novel form; but it is absolutely omitted in the play. The heroine is given a rhetorical speech in the last act to explain her decline and fall. That is all. And this mixture of the methods of the novelist and the dramatist makes the first three acts of the drama somewhat tedious, and the last two startling and paradoxical.

Another reason might be suggested why our modern drama so often strikes one as moving like a blind man in unknown paths. The essential conditions of Art as such were fixed once and for all by the Greeks; but there are two forms of modern Art which have not got classical models. One is Music in all its later developments, the other is the modern novel. Think for a moment of the extremely divergent and contradictory views which are held as to the value and importance, or indeed justification, of Wagnerian music. It seems a region in which there are no

sign-posts, and every man is bent on cutting out his own way. But observe how precisely the same thing happens also with regard to novels. There were some fugitive attempts at something like romances in Alexandrian times, just as there were Picaresque novels in the time of Shakespeare. But practically it would be true to say that the novel is a modern invention, born from a Teutonic or Germanic soil. To this day, however, we have no real canons of criticism applicable to it. Nothing is clearer than that the novel, as understood by the Latin races, when they adopted this style of literature, is different from the novel as it was drawn and designed by that curiously self-inspective, gloomy, meditative spirit of the Northern races. Should the novel preach a moral? Can we judge a novel from the ethical standpoint, or ought we to think only of its artistic success or failure? In what form are the principles of æsthetics to be applied, for instance, to a novel like "Sir Richard Calmady?" Can you get to any positive, absolutely accepted verdict? And now, in contrast with music and the novel, observe how curious is the condition of the Modern Drama. For drama, at all events, had a classical model, a very clear, definite scheme of artistic principles, established precisely, unequivocally, by the genius of the Greek dramatists, and expressed in the criticisms of Aristotle. This classical tradition lasted for a great many centuries; only, in fact, for the last two and a-half centuries has it been seriously contested. The Latin races, naturally enough, adhered longer than any others to those classical traditions and rules out of which their own civilization was born. The Northern races knew nothing of such schoolmasters. They attacked things in their own way. What is in succinct fashion the classical ideal of a play? It is this—a rounded and perfectly defined piece of art,

an episode carried out to its logical conclusion, in which the characters are typical rather than individual, and in which, for the most part, poetic justice shall prevail. If a man dies, we know why. If a woman sins, we know the consequences. And neither the man nor the woman, neither hero nor heroine, is a chance specimen of the human race, but a typical example, so that the lesson may be all the clearer. But the modern dramatist has chosen a perfectly different ideal; he has accepted the method, the procedure, the outlook of the novelist. The classical dramatist was, as Lessing said, a petty Providence, carefully seeing that the large ethical and natural laws should obtain in his selected province, just as they obtain in the world as a whole. But if we may judge from the work of Ibsen, of Sudermann, of Hauptmann, there is too much artificial completeness and smug symmetry in the older dramatic principles. A page is to be torn out of life, and you cannot judge of a whole book by a page. You must have a faithful transcript, a bit of realism; while the principle of classical Art is selection, not photography. You must take ordinary characters—not typical, but purely individual and accidental. And in this little corner of the world's great history which you are trying so painfully, so faithfully, to elucidate, you are not likely to find many indications of that higher justice, that consolatory solution of the problem, which only the widest outlook over centuries could hope to compass.

What is the result? Let a man or a woman, occupied with his own or her own immediate, pressing troubles and griefs, enunciate views about the world as a whole. Do we not know the lyrical cry, the *cri de cœur*, the passionate revolt? Is any sorrow like to my sorrow? Can there be a Providence? Is there any eternal Justice? So, too, in Modern Drama, the handling of social

problems, as a rule, leads to an *impasse*. It is all mystery and discouragement. We can see no pattern, we hold no guiding clue. The baffling issues of life lead to the pessimistic temper, and problem plays are the reverse of cheerful. I have no desire to emphasize too much this modern spirit of querulous complaint. I am much more interested in the singular fact that drama, having an ancient prototype, has now fallen under a modern influence, and is forever oscillating between the older ideals and the newer. The dramatic Muse has lost her first husband, and is trying to understand how to live with her second. Hence her confusion, her uncertainty, her tentative handling, her

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hesitating conclusions. While the ancient dramatist ended on a clear and unmistakable note, it might be of disaster or of triumph, the modern, putting before the spectator all his own imperfect reasonings, finishes with a note of interrogation, does not reach an end at all. So long as a man is content to paint what he sees with faithful servility, he will always leave us in this quandary. He must bring something out of his own genius. For facts are the most useless things in the world. It is the ideas alone which by connecting them make them intelligible, the guiding ideas in the absence of which each of us in turn is only a blind leader of the blind.

*W. L. Courtney.*

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## LIFE AT A WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

A good deal has been written and spoken of late years about the "Settlements" that have grown up, quickly and quietly, in East and North and South London, and in some of our great towns. The term is now sufficiently familiar, and yet, sometimes, and especially in the country, one is met by the question, "What is a Settlement?" and by the vaguest ideas as to the aims and life and work of the "settlers."

A Settlement is simply a group of people who, for some special reasons, choose to reside in a district other than that which in the ordinary course of things would be their home.

It is usually a colony of the leisured, cultured and well-to-do class, in a district on which such a class has long turned its back. There are vast areas, as we well know, which were once inhabited by rich and poor, laboring and leisured classes, in some proportion, but which now—in days when even the

moderately well-to-do worker regards London only as his shop or office, and carries his home and interests and sympathies into the suburbs—have become deserted by all but the humblest toilers.

In such a district, with its streets upon streets of crowded homes—or, to take only its more prosperous households, with not one in several hundred that contains a servant, it is the want of leisure—the absorption of all the energies of the inhabitants in drudgery, in the struggle for bread, that strikes the newcomers so painfully.

It is in this land of the very poor, that a band of residents, accustomed to other conditions of life, endowed with just those things which most of the inhabitants lack—the gifts that come of leisure and education—take up their abode.

Settlements are sometimes started by individuals, more often by corporate bodies—schools and colleges. Some are

denominational, but in their general aims and work they are much alike.

The residents come to the unknown country for a two-fold reason. First to learn, then to work. To learn, humbly and carefully, the meaning and aspects of other phases of life than their own experience has introduced to them, to become the "neighbors" of the poor. Now to become a neighbor of the poor, to live among them day by day, is worth more than any study of treatises on the causes and aspects of poverty. The lives and work, the aspirations and struggles, the very failures and disappointments of a man's near neighbors become real things to him, which he can enter into and understand.

We do not like to see our neighbors steal or drink, or fight in the streets. We do not like to see them living in insanitary houses, or working under unhealthy conditions. We realize that the masses are made up of individual workers, very unlike in character, needs and aims, and some of them become our friends. We learn also other things than these. We understand what hard work means, what energy and cleanliness mean, when we see our neighbor keep her one room and her family tidy and neat on how little a week! We begin to appreciate what thrift means, when our neighbor's putting by means the denial of some much needed comfort or what we should call necessary of life. Above all, we learn to know what charity means, when a meal given to a needier one means that the donor goes without—and what patience means, when we see it in the faces of the sick and crippled poor, enduring pain and infirmity among untold discomforts. These are some of the things that we learn, and the knowledge brings tact and sympathy, tolerance and a spirit of forbearance, humility at our own shortcomings, admiration for the courage and spirit of true friendship so often seen in the

lives of the very poor. It brings also tenderness for those who have lost in the race, and gone under in the struggle that demands so much from a man.

There is plenty then to learn, and plenty of work to do. Some Settlers, I believe, were inclined to the idea that to understand the life of the poor it was necessary to live as much as possible as they live, to abstain from beauty or comfort in the home, to do their own housework, and scrub and scour and cook like their neighbors. It is an idea that is hard to grasp. Of what purpose can it be to found a Settlement which is to sink to the overworked level of the surrounding neighborhood?

It is your leisure that is the great gift, the inestimable privilege, in a land of no leisure. You have the happiness of possessing time and energy which you are not obliged to sell for money, but can give to work for others. Why then, unless compelled by pecuniary reasons, waste your energies in scrubbing floors, and cooking, very indifferently, your own dinner?

The University Settlement best known to me, founded in Lambeth by one of the women's colleges at Oxford, was small but typical in its life and work. The first necessity for a Settlement is obviously a residence, as commodious as circumstances will admit. The permanent residents live there, temporary residents come there at times, and countless visitors, helpers and sympathizers make it a centre. We had rooms for residents and visitors, a common room for rest and recreation, an office or study for business, and a dining-room as hospitably large as could be managed. The dining-room had once been a stable! and the stable loft above was divided equally, as we observed with satisfaction, between cleanliness and godliness; one-half was converted into a bath-room, the other into an oratory. Some Settlements have



club-rooms attached, but in ours we were obliged to hire outside the premises.

The place was simply furnished, but bright and pleasing. One does not recognize the joy and value of a few good pictures and photographs, a little library of books, a piano and the presence of flowers, till one has seen all day the barren and sordid homes where these things are unknown.

There are times when one greets a "room to oneself" as a paradise, even if it is not much larger than a cabin.

The permanent residents give all or most of their time to work amongst the poor, but if there is accommodation enough, many Settlements admit other residents whose private work may occupy part of their day, and who are only able to give certain hours to the Settlement work. Visitors for a few weeks or months are welcomed, for there is abundant work to suit all tastes and employ all talents.

The life is like the life of a college—with its morning and evening prayers in the tiny chapel, its meals in common, its cheery intercourse and mutual interests. The members of this and of many Settlements have the added tie of being in most cases members of the same college, though others are not excluded.

The Settlement initiates some schemes of work of its own, but also works largely under and in connection with existing agencies in the parishes around it. In one parish there is a Sunday school that is short of teachers, in another a district with no visitor, in a third a lad's club with very few helpers. The Settlement sends its cheery willing helpers wherever they are most wanted. Some are on the School Board; some visit at workhouses and infirmaries; some work for the Children's Country Holiday Fund; some undertake Provident collecting; some lecture at a Working Men's Col-

lege; many teach in a class for crippled children, exempt from attendance at school—whose mothers gladly and thankfully bring them to the daily class, where they receive kind individual attention.

Nearly all workers at the Settlement undertake work at one or other of the Charity Organization offices of the district, for the sake of the training, and share in the evening work at the boys' and girls' clubs.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the Charity Organization Society's work and training. Whatever may be the methods of the Society in the provinces, in the great London offices it is far from being what it is sometimes called "a society for the detection of fraud." By its careful thorough dealing with all cases—moved always by the consideration of the best and most permanent way of helping where help is possible at all—those who work under its auspices learn something of the great responsibility of the giver, so little remembered and understood. They learn that not the easiest and quickest, but the best and most durable help is what we are called upon to give—that where we can, we must safeguard a man's self-respect, and help him to help himself. They find that to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked" implies more than the flinging of unconsidered alms into the hands, perhaps, of the drunkard and the spendthrift.

The training is admirable, if a man preserves the spirit of love, and does not glide into working on an automatic plan. We must all beware of too readily labelling a man deserving or undeserving. Try as we will, we cannot truly estimate his opportunities, or appreciate his efforts and his failures. We must always be ready to give another chance—to accord the benefit of the doubt.

Next to the Charity Organization Society's duties, the most important work

at the Settlement lies in the clubs, held every evening for boys and girls respectively of the roughest and poorest classes. The clubs aim at providing wholesome exercise and amusement for those who are working hard all day—and who, in too many cases, have homes that are no homes, and no other playground than the streets. The clubs give opportunities of meeting and knowing our younger neighbors, and when we are their friends we can arrive at the privileges of friendship—and receive confidences and offer advice and help in many questions of daily life.

The clubs need many cheery, bright and energetic workers. There are drill and gymnastics, billiards and boxing, for the boys—drill and dancing, games and part-singing and dressmaking for the girls. Those who offer help in this work must not be afraid of a little roughness and "cheek." They will find the atmosphere very wide-awake, and the demands on their energy great. But the work is immensely interesting, encouraging and educating. It is almost entirely social in its nature, but workers who gain the confidence of the girls and lads in their clubs, have untold opportunities for influence. Manners grow gentler, voices softer, boys and girls aim at a neatness once unthought of—the outward sign of a growing self-respect. It is something to persuade a boy to resist the folly of gambling away his pitiful earnings—or to get a factory girl to realize that she can make herself garments more desirable to possess than a plush hat and an ostrich feather. In the best clubs an effort is made to look up the members in their own homes, to visit them in illness, to advise them as to their work and prospects, to be their neighbors in the truest sense of the word. A Women's Settlement interests itself naturally in work peculiarly suited to women, that of helping young girls to obtain

situations, and befriending young servants with advice and assistance.

Far removed from the factory girls and young servants, there is a class in which our South London Settlement took a deep interest, and who were desired as our helpers and co-operators in some of our work—the pupil-teachers of the district, training for work in the Elementary Schools. These girls, preparing for so immensely important a career, on whom the success of our Board School system so largely depends, were delighted to come to the Settlement, to discuss our work and theirs—social or educational. They were very busy, teaching and preparing for their examinations, and they enjoyed our lectures and discussions, and the little entertainments we arranged for them. It was to them a pleasant break in the daily routine, to us a helpful and enjoyable intercourse.

Some of us, fresh from our Oxford life, arranged little lectures on some historic or literary question, or spoke on hygiene and sick-nursing. We had afternoons for music and Shakespearian recitals. Our friends and guests were interested and helpful in some of our schemes of work, and we mutually offered our experience and advice. The pupil-teachers, passing on to become teachers, are friends and allies of which a Settlement should be proud, and which a Settlement of University students should particularly desire to welcome and befriend. If there are any graces and powers, aspirations and gifts, which we owe to our University life, it is with these members of the great army of teachers that we should most delight to share them.

A Settlement needs to be tactful and forbearing, willing to help and support every true agency for good, avoiding all jealousies and unprofitable dissensions, working in harmony with all. Its members may be thrown in contact with workers of all kinds, differing

often in ideas and methods—here the Church Army—there the Salvation Army—here again a Sisterhood, self-denying and devoted, but believing still in the old mediæval forms of almsgiving as the truest—and handing out doles to a queue of beggars at its gates.

These, then, are some of the aspects of work at a Women's Settlement, and there is yet another way in which residence in the land of the poor may give us power for good. We have become householders and ratepayers in a given district, and have therefore a voice to raise if we find reason for complaint. Some of us have eyes and noses made for use, and are inclined to notice and deplore what many of our neighbors pass unheeded, too careless or ignorant or timid to complain. As residents and ratepayers we may call attention to deficiencies in sanitation—we have the right to report an evil smell here, a scanty water-supply there, a dangerous pavement, a chronic gas escape; and some of us may have persistence or influence enough to make our complaints heard. Inspectors cannot be expected to see everything. It is the intelligent co-operation of residents that will achieve the most desirable results.

Enough has perhaps been said to show the scope and variety of the work at a Women's Settlement. It is plain that it needs the co-operation of many willing hands and hearts. But it is obvious that a great deal of work may be done by friends and helpers who cannot come into residence, but who live in or near London, and can give a day or a few hours a week. Many could spare a morning to help in a Charity Organization Society office, where the press of work is great, or an afternoon to read to a sick man, or to teach the class of cripples—or an evening to help at the clubs. Some have gifts of teaching and can take a class or give a lecture, others have gifts of

entertaining, and can arrange a concert or a play for our neighbors who get so little entertainment. Many who cannot offer personal help, can send welcome gifts to a Settlement—clothes and books, toys and music and flowers—in the sure knowledge that they will find their way to those who need them most.

If any one is suffering from too much leisure, from *ennui* and boredom, let her come and ask a Settlement for a share in some of its work. It is absorbingly interesting. Let those who want to get away from self, from sad thoughts, from the numbing effects of a great sorrow, come and try it—they will achieve the inestimable boon of a new interest in life. Let those who love children and have them not, remember how many children there are that want mothering and teaching, and come in search of them. Let those who are young and entering life joyously, spare a thought for those who are ending it drearily in our workhouses and infirmaries, and give a little of their leisure to them. The Settlement of which I have been chiefly thinking and writing has one excellent holiday rule. Its resident workers are obliged to take a day off every week. On one day they must set aside work and go back to the West End—visit their friends, go to the theatre, drive into the country, do anything but engage in serious work. Thus the Settlement defies the demon "overwork." A Settlement does not desire in its residents or helpers stooping forms and frowning faces—the look of the distracted district visitor or jaded parish worker. It asks for freshness and vigor, enthusiasm, joyousness. All who come to it are asked to offer something of their best selves—their leisure, their talents, their high spirits—the best powers of brain and heart. There are some things whose power and value cannot be estimated—a smile, a jest, a melodious voice, a

peal of laughter—but their value is not less because we cannot express it in terms. Those who bring of their best, and offer it freely, may be assured that they receive more than they bestow. But let all come in the spirit of love, for with all its interest, some of the work is saddening. It must bring us into contact with the dark side of life, with failure and disappointment, with sorrow and suffering. There are mis-

Temple Bar.

takes and discouragements, baffled efforts and seeming failures, in this as in all other work; there cannot but be problems, and the saddening knowledge of evil. Let every one come then in the spirit of that charity which vaunteth not itself, but which is not easily daunted or cast down, because it "believeth all things, endureth all things, and hopeth all things."

V. C. H.

## TOGETHER.

As far as he could make out through his eyelashes—for he did not dare to open his eyes—the Reverend Eustace was walking on clouds, and the clouds were composed of sand. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but sand, and most of it was on the move.

"What an awful place to live in!" he said to himself as, crushing his felt hat down over his ears, he bent to the wind and strode on.

He was a genial little soul but lately transferred from an East End parish to a curacy at St. Michael's and All Angels, Duncester, which the natives call Dunster; a parish carrying about as many to the square mile as his former one had to the square foot. The Reverend Eustace's views were distinctly High; he rather enjoyed the smell of incense and would have liked to experiment with the confessional. At times he had strong ideas respecting the celibacy of the clergy; but his views on this matter varied according to circumstances, and both the views and the circumstances were open to improvement. In spite of these drawbacks the curate was an exceedingly good-hearted little fellow. His views

of his duty to the people were quite as lofty as his views on other matters, and in the East End slums he had so nearly worked himself into the grave that the Bishop had bestirred himself on his behalf, and found for him a fresh-air curacy as the alternative to reading the burial service over him.

That was how the Reverend Eustace happened to be ploughing through the Dunster sands that wild November afternoon to visit an outlying parishioner who lay somewhat heavily on the conscience of the rector's wife. If it had been his predecessor, now, he would have looked at the smoking flats for exactly ten seconds, and said, "Not to-day, Baker!" or something equally to the point; then he would have made a bee-line at once towards one of the many cosy tea-tables where a curate was always at a premium.

The Reverend Eustace was not built that way, so he went on.

"The Bishop said it would be a change from Bethnal Green," he murmured to himself once more; "and to be sure it is. Never saw anything like it in my life before."

He stopped now and then to get his bearings and to scoop handfuls of sand

out of the pockets formed by his rolled-up trousers. After scooping out twelve handfuls in half as many minutes, he bethought him of his bicycle-clips, which fortunately were in his pocket; and after putting them on he made better time.

A strong northeaster was blowing, and all the sands of Sahara seemed sweeping towards him along the level flats. On his right stretched an interminable line of smoothly rounded, fantastically flung sandhills, white against the gray November sky. Somewhere on his left the sea was crawling unseen among its sandbanks till it should be time to come racing up over the flats again; and, at the call of the northeaster, the loose sand of the hills and the higher shore stirred and woke, and was sweeping like smoke over the firm tidal sand on which he was walking. The bulk of the drift did not come much higher than his knees, and whenever he stopped the streaming particles turned his clerical black trousers to yellow homespun, and buried the square-toed boots out of sight. The upper part of him walked, as it were, above boiling clouds, while his feet stumbled along on earth, and occasionally, by way of change, soused over boot-tops into a hidden pool. At such times the Reverend Eustace bit short exclamations, the natural humanity of which fully made up for any lack of clerkiness. Nevertheless he pushed on, and at last through his crusted eyelashes he caught sight of the cottage, and, with a devout thanksgiving, tacked up the beach towards it.

Standing in the wooden porch for a minute, he turned down his coat-collar, and rid himself of the trouser-clips and of as much sand as he could get out of his hair and eyes and ears with his handkerchief, which smelt refreshingly sweet after the sandy northeaster. He looked out for a moment over the swirling desolation of the flats, and mar-

velled greatly that any one should choose to live there; then he tapped on the door and went in. It was a bare little house, but very clean, except for the sand which had blown in under the door and lay about like fine dust. A bright fire of drift-wood burned on the hearth with many-colored flames, and the atmosphere was thick with sweet-smelling smoke by reason of the short chimney and the driving northeaster. A gentle-faced old woman was propped up in a bed near the seaward window, so that she could just see out of it without raising her head from the pillow.

"Eh, pa'son! I tho't it were my man," and there was an accent of disappointment in her voice.

"No, it's I, Mrs. Godwin. What an awful day it is!"

"Ay, th' sand's movin'. I like to see it fleein'. I used to like to be in it when it were like that;" and the patient eyes glanced longingly out of the little window.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes. And how are you to-day?"

"Just as ushal," said the old woman.

"And where's Peter?"

"Out after firin'. We do burn a heap this weather."

"He oughtn't to be out this weather at all. He'll never get rid of that rheumatism if he doesn't take more care of himself."

"He wunnot tak' care of hisself, pa'son; an' then, yo' know, he cannot. There's no one else."

This gave the Reverend Eustace the opening he wanted and for which he had come.

"Don't you really think, Mrs. Godwin, it would be wise to—to think of—leaving here and going where you would both be properly taken care of? It must be terrible here in the winter, and—"

"Yo' mean th' House, pa'son?"

"You've really no idea how comforta-



ble it is," he said hastily. "I was up there the other day, and it seemed to me that one might be very much worse off. You'd have every attention and comfort, you know."

"An' Peter?"

"Peter would go too, of course. Such nice, big, warm rooms they have, and good fires, and papers and books, and plenty to eat—good wholesome food—and—"

All her life's story of patient toil and endurance was written in the furrows of the wrinkled old face, and across the furrows were stamped later lines of suffering. The faded cheeks were almost as colorless as the white cap which was tied under her chin. A tiny flush stole into the wan cheeks as he spoke, and something like a spark gleamed in her eyes. Through all the superscriptions of time and toil and trouble the Reverend Eustace caught a glimpse of the comeliness that had once been hers.

"An' Peter'd be on one side th' House an' me on th' other," she said, with a touch of the flush and the spark in her voice.

"I'm afraid that would be so. But you've really no idea—"

"When Peter says he wants to go, pa'son, then I'll be ready to go too. But I'd liefer die here than live there."

"You must think of Peter, too, Mrs. Godwin. He's getting almost past work, and if that rheumatism gets worse I don't see—"

"Yon stuff you brought him done him a heap o' good, he says;" but there was a curious hopeful challenge in her voice, almost as though she doubted it herself and desired his confirmation.

"It will do him good if he takes care of himself; but nothing will cure him if he's constantly out in the cold and damp."

"Ay," she sighed wearily, for how was it possible for a shrimper to keep out of the cold and damp?

"You talk it over quietly with him, Mrs. Godwin. We only want to make you both as comfortable as we can."

"Ay, I know. Yo're very kind. But I dunnot want to leave my man."

He sat and talked with her for a time, unburdened himself, just a trifle awkwardly, of a small packet of tea and a smaller one of tobacco, and finally took his leave.

As he slipped on his clips and turned his back to the wind and his face towards home, he saw a sturdy, bent figure, cut off apparently at the knees, and with its arms full of ragged pieces of wood, ploughing slowly towards him through the drift.

The oncomer, head down to the gale, did not see him till they met, and so unexpected was the sight of a visitor that some of his spars fell and were lost in the swirling sand.

"Hello, Mr. Godwin!" cried the Reverend Eustace, as he came to a stand, pulled his hat down into the nape of his neck, and leaned up against the wind.

"Eh! Why, it's pa'son;" and the old man turned and stood with his back to the wind also.

"You shouldn't be out on a day like this, man. How's the rheumatism?"

"Fair to middlin', sir. Yon stuff you gev me done it a heap o' good. 'Twill be all right soon, I do think."

"Not unless you take more care of it. I've just been up seeing your wife."

"Ay. That's main good o' you, sir. She don't have none too many visitors."

"She's looking very frail, Godwin. I've been advising her—asking her—Don't you really think, Godwin"—it was not easy—"don't you think it's time you left this place and went where both you and she would be better taken care of?"

"You mean th' House, pa'son?" and the grizzled face, all crusted with sand, turned more towards him.

"You'd have everything—"

"No, pa'son, I don't, an' I'll tell you for why. We've never bin parted, Mary an' me, 'cept yon time she had th' rheumatic fever an' went to th' hospital. It nigh killed her—not th' fever, but th' hospital an' th' bein' away from me—an' it nigh killed me too. If we go to th' House we've got to part. We've lived together all our lives, pa'son, an', please God, we'll die together; an' if it was this night I'd thank Him, so long's we went together."

"I know, I know," said the Reverend Eustace; "but you'd have every care there and very much more comfort."

"'Cept one another, pa'son, an' that's more'n 'em all put together."

"Well, well! You're as bad as she is. You must think of what's best for one another, you know."

"We've been thinkin' it for fifty years, pa'son, an' we know;" and as he stooped to pick up his fallen timbers, which the sand had thoughtfully covered up out of sight, a spasm of pain twisted the gnarled face, and the Reverend Eustace saw it in spite of the sand-crust. He stooped also, and they unearthed the pieces of wood. He was piling the last one into the old man's arms when the merry northeaster twitched off his wide-awake and whirled it away along the flats. He gave a whoop and started after it, and the old man turned and went on to the cottage.

"I met pa'son," said the old man as he went in with his load of firing.

"Ay, he were here," said his wife.

She did look frail—very frail. His old heart gave a kick. For her sake, perhaps, it would be better— His earnings were very small; their fare was of the scantiest; and they would likely be smaller still and scantier. None but himself knew the agonies he suffered in winning even that small living; the creaking of his rusty joints, the ceaseless achings in the marrow of his bones day and night, but worst of all when he was out with the net pushing

through the bitter shallows after the few handfuls of shrimps which frisked between them and starvation. Perhaps —after all— He looked at the patient white face.

"Lass," he said gently, "pa'son were advisin' me to go into th' House. What dost a say? I conno' give thee all I would—"

His voice broke. So very bitter a thing is it for a man to have to confess that he cannot provide as he would for one dearer to him than himself. Though it be not through any fault of his own, though there be no shame in it, the bitterness is there, and all the greater from the fact that a clean and sober life has left him capable of feeling it so keenly, and offers him neither palliatives nor reproaches.

He was by her side looking down on her, and her eyes smiled up at him. He dropped on his knees beside her, heedless of the creaking of the rusty joints, and put his rough, sandy arms round her.

"Lass! lass!" he cried, "thou'rt all the world to me. I conno' let thee go. I see thee always as thee wast, Mary, bright an' shinin'—shinin' hair an' shinin' eyes, like the sunshine runnin' ower the sands to meet me. Oh, my lass! my lass!"

The gentle face shone with a great glory as she tried to stroke his hair with her hand—a hand which had become so strangely soft with its five years of undesired idleness. In her sudden exaltation of spirit even the agony of movement was forgotten, and her hand fluttered to and fro over the grizzled head like a benedictory dove.

"Praise the Lord!" she said softly. "He's kept us till now, my man. He'll keep us to th' end;" and from both their hearts went up the silent prayer, "May it be soon—soon!"

Peter piled some of his choicest bits of wood on the fire, pieces which his experienced eye told him held prisoners

the most variegated flames. He got ready their evening meal—literally meal, for it consisted only of a bowl of porridge for each of them. But Love stirred the pan and Love fed the helpless one on the bed; and better both for body and soul is such a bowl of porridge than the repletion of a Lord Mayor's banquet.

They talked long together that night, and rambled back into the past, while the one sipped a very small cup of the Reverend Eustace's tea without any milk, and the other smoked a pipe of the Reverend Eustace's tobacco. If his advice was not always to their minds, his little gifts contained elements of consolation, and they thought kindly thoughts of him which would do him no harm. The wild northeaster belowed at them down the chimney, and puffed the sweet wood-smoke rudely into the room. Outside, the restless sand whirled ceaselessly along the flats and sifted in below the door; the sand-hills behind got up and crept about in the dark, and changed places and faces to such an extent that the very rabbits would hardly know their way about in the morning.

Inside, there was peace passing the ordinary understanding. It was so very good to be together, and there was in them a grateful sense of peril passed and danger averted; and when at last the old man drew out from under his wife's bed the six sacks of dried grass and rushes on which he always slept on the floor alongside her, if their stomachs were not overfull their hearts were. If they lacked much, they had one another. If the problematical comforts of the House were awaiting, at all events they were together.

Six cunningly stuffed sacks of dried grass and rushes, loose-packed, softly elastic, and abounding in hollows for the accommodation of aching bones, make a bed fit for king or cardinal; but in spite of the softness and adapta-

bility of his couch, Peter Godwin's aching bones found lumps where there were none, and sought in vain the comfort that lay always on his other side. He turned himself painfully to and fro, and sighed deep, silent breaths through his clenched teeth so long as he kept awake; and when he dozed the sighs turned all unconsciously to moans. His wife lay awake and her heart bled for him, for she knew too well the dull agony that gnawed his marrow like a hungry worm and gave him no peace. She wondered if, after all, the curate were not right, and if it would not be better to give up the struggle and go to the House. Perhaps it would be better—perhaps—“Lord, that Thou wouldst take us this night together!”

The northeaster had swept away the clouds and cobwebs, and the next morning broke crisp and clear. The sky was like a steel-blue shield, and the sun was the pale gold boss to it. There was not much warmth in it, but it was a cheerful reminder of bright days past and still brighter ones to come. The flats gleamed and sparkled, and the new pools winked merrily; and away behind its banks the sea lay like a narrow band of blue ribbon.

By midday it was almost warm. It did old Peter's bones more good than all “pa'son's” embrocation; and in the afternoon, as soon as the brightness waned sufficiently, he must needs go a-shrimping. His face kept a smile as he donned his big thigh boots; rather a rigid smile, as the hungry worms in his bones were at their work again before his swollen ankles scraped through into their places, and it only half-deceived his wife; but he smiled as he kissed her, and her eyes dwelt lovingly on him as he shouldered the big net and marched manfully away across the flats to the sea, just like his own old self—to look at—at a distance.

He smiled again when he turned to wave his hand to her, but it was a

smile to make the angels weep and rejoice—the smile of a martyr; and his face was shut tight as he dragged one leaden clog of pain after the other, furrowing the sand as he went.

Arrived at the sea, he turned first towards Dunster and ploughed the flow in that direction, then turned and came back past the cottage towards Wyverne, which lay gleaming on the other side of the estuary where the Ripple crawls down to the sea. From her tiny window his wife watched the distant figure as it bent and pushed, and stopped and straightened now and again to sift the net and empty the sparse takings into the creel at its back. She could see him very plainly, in spite of the distance, like a little crawling figure cut out of black paper against the reddening western sky.

He was away up towards Wyverne when she saw him stop suddenly. A find of some kind perhaps. She waited for him to rise. But he did not rise. She grew anxious, more anxious, frightened. She struggled up convulsively on to her hands, she who had not been able to turn herself in bed for five years. She could not see him, though her eyes were strained to bursting. Her heart leapt painfully within her, then wrung her with a stab of pain. The red sun flashed in her eyes and touched her face with sudden fire, and the room behind was filled with golden light. She could not see for the glory that was about her. She bent towards the window—towards—

Peter, ploughing painfully along the shallows, saw the windows in the seaward houses of Wyverne all ablaze with the level red rays of the sun. His feet and legs were numb with pain; his back and arms ached so that he dreaded the thought of straightening up to empty the net lest his back should break in pieces. He would go on and

on, and not empty it till he turned. He ground his teeth in his agony, and breathed short and quick through his nose. The pains had never been so bad before. They got into his head and turned him sick and dizzy. But he would go on and on.

Then suddenly the resistance of the net ceased. He stumbled and fell, tried desperately to recover himself, and found he could not. The water was up to his waist. He must have stepped into a hole. The net was floating just beyond him. He must get it. He tried, but his feet were firmly held. He made another desperate effort, and felt himself sinking deeper and deeper.

The water was up to his chest; the clinging sands gripped him tight round the knees. He knew now where he was. For fifty years he had gone warily in the neighborhood of the boiling sands only to fall into them at last.

He gave a cry like an angry bellow. He thrashed the water into sandy spume with his hands. It was all useless. For fifty years the sands had lain in wait for him. Now they had got him they would never let him go.

The water was up to his neck. The slimy arms below were coiled tight round his waist. Away across the flats the red sun bathed his little cottage in a golden glory. A flash broke from the window behind which his wife sat waiting, and came straight to his eye.

The water was up to his chin.

"Mary! Mary!"

His lips were blue, his eyes wild and bloodshot. A spiteful little wave splashed the sandy water over his head.

"Mary! Mary! Lord have mercy on her!" Not himself; his time was come, his thoughts were only of her, left desolate.

Then—he saw the door of the cottage open quickly. A girl came out and sped swiftly across the wet sands to—

wards him—as swiftly as an April sunbeam sweeps across the flats.

The sandy water was at his lips; his eyes were like marbles, standing out of his head.

The girl came towards him, straight and swift as an arrow, shining as she came.

"Go back! go back!" he shouted; but the girl came on without a pause. She was walking on the water.

"Christ!" he gasped at that strange sight.

The water belled and broke in his ears like thunder.

Her hands were stretched eagerly towards him. Her face was all alight with the joy of their meeting.

"Why, Mary! *Mary!*" and a low, glad laugh broke through the water in his throat.

The joyful hands reached out towards him to welcome him home, as they had welcomed him a thousand times before. He leapt towards her, and as his sod-

den fingers curled upon her soft, warm hands the sands sucked him down, and the waters rolled smoothly over the place where he had been.

Peter's net was washed ashore almost opposite his cottage, as though the senseless thing had known its way home.

Those who found Mary Godwin fallen asleep hardly knew her, for it seemed as though time had rolled back for her. Her brow was smooth, and the sorrow and suffering had gone out of her face. There was a smile on her lips, and her hands were extended, palms upward, as though to welcome one she loved.

"If they had taken my advice and gone to the House," said the Reverend Eustace impetuously when he heard of it, "they might have—"

But they had done far better, and they were as they had wished to be—together.

*John Oxenham.*

*Chambers's Journal.*

## WHY ARE SEA BIRDS WHITE?

Naturalists, like other highly gifted individuals, cannot always resist the temptation to adopt the sheep-like habit of following their predecessors through a gap. A suggestion is put forth by some learned pundit as a possible explanation of a difficulty, and is straightway seized upon by his disciples, accepted as sufficient, elevated into a theory, and finally promulgated as an infallible doctrine. But a theory to be satisfactory should not stand on rickety legs; the superstructure must have a foundation of facts. For example, there are few chapters of the great volume on Protective Coloring more fascinating than those which deal with the

action and reaction between bird and butterfly. A whole literature has grown up on the supposition that birds pursue and eat butterflies, and that the wings of the latter are in many instances so colored as to escape the attention of their enemies, or to persuade them that the owners of the wings will be nauseous if taken into the mouth. But it is astonishing how little evidence there is against the birds. The writer was present some years ago at a discussion upon the subject between the leading members of the Entomological Society. Most of them believed that birds habitually ate butterflies, and that the wedges cut out of the wings of the in-



sects were due to the beaks of their pursuers; but those who had spent their leisure, and even their lives, in capturing, pinning and studying lepidoptera were compelled to confess that it was a very rare occurrence to see the bird snap at its prey. The theory is probably sound, but there is an extraordinary paucity of facts to support it. The writer, who, although no lepidopterist, has been a student of insects for many years, cannot recall more than two or three instances when he has witnessed the actual capture of a butterfly by a bird. But here the evidence, such as it is, supports the theory.

Modern speculation and research have thrown a flood of light upon the color of animals, not only showing that Arctic animals are white, forest birds green, jungle beasts striped, the desert fauna sand-colored, and nocturnal animals dusky, because those tints or patterns enable them to escape detection, and therefore more easily to procure their food or avoid destruction by their enemies; but also indicating the automatic process by which nature mixes and lays on the pigments. A staring pattern or an obtrusive color renders its possessor conspicuous, and this, in the absence of any countervailing quality, inevitably imposes a sentence of death, or, at the least, of hard labor for life. The individual which flaunts its finery is singled out by the animals which prey on it, or it is easily avoided by those it preys upon.

One of the commonplaces of natural history is the theory that sea birds are white for the same reason that Arctic beasts and birds are devoid of color. Mr. A. R. Wallace, in his "Darwinism," writes thus: "White is, as a rule, an uncommon color in animals, but probably only because it is so conspicuous. Whenever it becomes protective, as in the case of Arctic animals and aquatic birds, it appears freely enough." And

a recent writer in the "Spectator" says: "Looking to Nature first, the fewness of white animals is very remarkable. Sea birds and dwellers where ice and darkness reign for the greater part of the year form the majority. In nearly all sea fowl white greatly predominates, probably as the best protective coloring which they can assume.

"The gray-and-white sea fowl find their coloration the best protection possible when at rest on the water. It is almost as difficult to see a flock of gulls resting on an ordinary dimpled, heaving sea as it is to see partridges in a ploughed field, so closely do the gray and white match the broken lights on the wave slopes and hollows."

Now there are five possible explanations of that whiteness which is so characteristic of sea birds—namely, first, that it is given them as a protection from their enemies; secondly, that it is due to that absence of elimination to which land birds dressed in an eccentric garb are subjected; thirdly, that it enables them more easily to procure their food; fourthly, that it is due to sexual selection; and, lastly, that it forms, in combination with dark wings, or tail markings, a badge by which they may be recognized by their friends. The first explanation, which finds most favor with naturalists, the writer ventures to dispute altogether. It has this unfortunate quality, that it does not square with the facts.

Color may be either a screen, behind which its owner can safely live and freely move; or a signal of danger, like the warning red flag above a powder magazine. The tawny hue of the lion and the gazelle, which assimilates them to their surroundings, and aids the pursuer and the pursued in turn, is an example of the first; and so also is the green plumage of parrots and other birds, which matches with the luxuriant foliage amidst which they make their home. As an example of the sec-

and we have the white tail of the skunk, held aloft to tell the world that an incomparable perfume is kept on the premises; the gaudy colors of many butterflies, and the black, white and yellow of the magpie moth, which advertise the paradoxical fact that the insects are unfit for consumption.

Arctic whiteness, again, is an example of the first class. The raiment of the Polar bear (which, by the way, is not white but cream-colored) matches the ice and snow closely enough for practical purposes; and, although discernible at a considerable distance by the eye of man, fails in three cases out of four to excite the suspicions of seals until its owner is near enough to secure the unfortunate animal. The black nose stands out against the general whiteness of the skin; and this, it is asserted, a bear conceals with his paw when stalking a seal. An aerial counterpart of the quadruped is the snowy owl, which feeds upon lemmings and mice in the summer, and utilizes its white mantle in the winter to enable it to approach the temporarily whitened grouse and hares. There is one Arctic denizen which scorns concealment—namely, the raven—but this creature, whose northern limit is beyond that of any other bird, and may be even the Pole itself, feeds on carrion and fears no foe, and therefore can afford to dress as it pleases. The Arctic fox, the ermine and the ptarmigan assume a snowy winter garb, the first and second chiefly for offensive and the third for defensive purposes, changing from the summer tints to the winter within a short period of time. But whether the whiteness amidst the snows be permanent or seasonable it is in each case a premium of insurance. The animals must put on a cloak of invisibility, or die.

Sea birds live under totally different conditions. They have no snow as a background; they do not swim in milk,

or fly in an atmosphere resembling that of a flour mill, and the supposed analogy between their circumstances and those of Arctic birds is a poetic figment. The normal hues of the ocean are blue, green and gray. White upon blue is one of the most striking contrasts possible, as ladies are well aware who adorn their blue gowns with ornaments and trimmings of silver; and white upon green is little less distinctive. If gray in itself does not excite attention, white on a background of gray is thrown into instant relief. It will be argued that it is not the sea in its quiet moods which affords a safe shelter for the swimming birds, but the sea in motion, changeable, dimpled, heaving, sparkling, flinging up dainty wavelets, or churned into foam. Put this plausible theory to the test and it immediately breaks down. Stand, for instance, at the Land's End, or for the matter of that at John o' Groats, and watch in any weather the clamorous or quiet sea birds, floating singly or in flocks. There is no concealment. The wavelets break, flash their flakes of foam, and are swallowed up in the great deep; but the birds remain conspicuous objects to the eye wherever they rest, and all the more conspicuous the whiter they are. Apparently Nature is a bungler and paints her puppets with the wrong brushes. This may be true; nevertheless it requires a robust faith to accept a theory which is contradicted by the facts.

Upon the supposition that whiteness confers invisibility on sea birds we are driven to the strange conclusion that the young, which are often gray or brown, are left without protection, although they need it most. It will not do to say that they are protected by the mottled plumage when in their nests on the cliffs and rocks, for the neutral tints last long after the nests have been left, and in some species are not exchanged for the mature colors

until two or three seasons have passed. But watch a mother gull and her gray son or daughter as they move about in company at the end of the summer. Which is the more conspicuous of the two as they rest on the water? The supposed invisible mother cannot evade the eye, while the young bird often passes unnoticed. Nature acts consistently in arraying the immature in neutral tints and conferring robes "exceeding magnificent" on the full-grown. Darwin adduces it as a notable fact that in one species of heron the young are white and the adults dark slate-color, the usual order of things being thus reversed.

Before coming to the conclusion that whiteness makes sea birds invisible to super-aquatic eyes it surely is desirable to face the question, Is protection needed? Protection against what? We can quite understand why white land birds are so rare. A white vegetable feeder would not long escape the talons and beaks of birds of prey, and birds of prey which called attention to their presence by obtrusive raiment would soon find their larder bare. There are only two groups of white land birds—namely, the Australian cockatoos and the American bell birds. Cockatoos neutralize the danger invited by their white robes and screaming voices by living amidst an "umbrageous foliage, forming dense masses of shade." Moreover a cockatoo does not tamely submit to attack. Bell birds are sedate and inoffensive, sheltering themselves in the recesses of great forests. But what have sea birds to fear? They are clamorous, greedy, fierce and pugnacious; capable of defending their own interests, and feeding almost entirely on fish. It is true that skuas, or parasitic gulls, occasionally kill and eat some of their smaller brethren, in addition to their other crime of taking the fish out of their mouths, and that sheath-bills swallow the eggs of their

neighbors the shags and the penguins; but these habits are so exceptional that they cannot invalidate the general truth. Sea birds are not white because they require to be screened from the gaze of their enemies, for as a matter of fact the majority of species are not at war. A strong, bold, well-armed race may surely hold a white ensign without being accused of cowardice. It is a symbol of world-wide empire, the sign of a dominant race.

It has already been noted that in a state of nature white land animals are automatically eliminated; the white feathers and skins which appear in domesticated species doubtless owing their origin to a suspension of the weeding out process, brought about by the interference of man. Living in a locality where the competition is less keen than in Continental areas appears to have the same effect as domestication, and Mr. A. R. Wallace points out what he calls "perhaps the most curious and decided relation of color to locality which has yet been observed—the prevalence of white markings in the butterflies and birds of islands." Sea birds live in practically protected areas, free from powerful enemies, and there is therefore nothing to check the spread of whiteness in their plumage when it has once appeared. This consideration goes a long way towards a solution of the problem.

It is a suggestive circumstance that the colors of sea birds correspond in one important respect with those of the fishes on which they feed. Almost invariably a fish is dark above and light beneath, this distribution of colors helping it to escape observation. Now, nearly all sea birds are black and white, or gray and white, the darker tints being found on the wings and back, and the white feathers on the breast and abdomen. "White" gulls have wings of black or gray, and so have gulleimots, puffins, auks, razor-

bills, terns, sandpipers and penguins. Cormorants and the great northern diver, which are exceptions to the general rule, pursue their prey below the surface of the water, where whiteness would be of little use; and the elder duck, whose plumage is light above and dark beneath, feeds upon crustacea, whose perception of color is poorly developed.

It may be, and probably is, an advantage to aquatic birds to have their white feathers turned seawards, so that they may be less easily seen by the fishes they are in quest of, and the fact that the eagles which have taken to fishing are colored like their nautical colleagues lends weight to this consideration. The sea eagles of South America are very gull-like in their appearance, and the West African species have white breasts and white heads, while the breast of the osprey is also white beneath. At the same time it must be confessed that purely white birds, such as the gannets, give ample token of their presence when they plunge time after time from a height of a hundred feet into a shoal of fishes. A bird which splashes down like a shell from a gun cannot be much indebted to a cloak of invisibility.

The tendency to whiteness once encouraged, whether by absence of danger or as an aid in the procuring of food, might well be intensified by sexual selection. At all events, it is indisputable that the white plumage is a sign of maturity, and is more striking, if not more beautiful, than the neutral tints of youth. Young gannets, with every dark brown feather on neck, back and breast touched with a point of light, are elegant birds, yet they are compelled to put on full regalia ere they can be initiated into the freemasonry of mature life. A speckled bird, whatever its other claims, does not find favor in the eyes of either the full-grown male or female, whose prefer-

ence for white feathers must inevitably tend to stamp itself on the race.

Lastly, there can be little doubt that a potent influence in the decoration of birds is the necessity for marks whereby members of a species may recognize each other. Mr. Wallace has pointed out that singular, conspicuous, but apparently useless markings on the hind quarters of mammals, and on the heads, wings and tail feathers of birds, are almost of vital importance in aiding recognition, and includes in this category the white, upturned tail of the rabbit as a "most important means of security" to the young, the feeble and those remote from home. These markings are in a large number of instances white, or white and black. "Recognition marks during flight," he says, "are very important for all birds which congregate in flocks, or which migrate together; and it is essential that, while being as conspicuous as possible, the marks shall not interfere with the general protective tints of the species when at rest. Hence they usually consist of well-contrasted markings on the wings and tail." These "Banner Colors," as they have been called, are shown in the wings and tails of many sea birds, black bars crossing the outer feathers of the gray or white pinions and of the expanded fans. In some of the gulls wings which are regarded as entirely black have a line of pure white running around them, visible chiefly in flight. Sea birds are notoriously gregarious, and for the most part fish in company. In addition, therefore, to the advantage accruing to a species from a common abundance of food it must benefit all sea birds to receive notice of the presence of shoals of fish, especially when those shoals are inexhaustible and the feeding of one bird does not imply the starving of another. It is a mutual advantage to be seen, and with one consent the birds "set up their banners as tokens."

Such are the considerations which lead to the conclusion that the usual explanation of the whiteness of sea birds—namely, that it is a device to make them invisible to aerial enemies—is entirely erroneous. The natural selection of colors is not carried out to any considerable extent by human eyes, although this is often forgotten; but where it is so carried out it corresponds with the facts. An invisibility cannot be operative which does not exist. Why then are sea birds white? The answer is, for four cumulative reasons. First, they are white because flesh-eating

enemies powerful enough to weed out whiteness are absent from the element which they frequent; secondly, because whiteness, and especially a white under-surface, facilitates their approach to the fishes which form their food; thirdly, because the preference of the sexes for each other, taking the line of least resistance, has accentuated the tendency to whiteness; and, lastly, because a white plumage forms, in combination with black markings, an excellent signal by which friend can recognize friend, and the whereabouts of food be quickly indicated.

*Longman's Magazine.*

*John Isabell.*

## THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### NEWS.

St. Gerran's, Beachcombe,

March 15th.

"Dear Ned,

"I am going to be married to Mr. Winterton. He asked me yesterday, and I said yes. He is going to New York to look after property there almost directly, and he and the aunts want me to be married in Easter week and go with him. I am to be married here, that is they wish it. Papa and mother and you can come to the wedding, and then I need not go home first. I am glad, I don't want to see Marsdale just to say good-bye. The aunts will give me my things, and Mr. Winterton has given me a diamond ring. I am very happy.

"Your affectionate sister,

*"Viola Crosby.*

"P.S.—When Crad is found you'll look after him, won't you?"

This missive, in Viola's very bad

handwriting, and with two r's in "directly," reached Edward Mason at his chambers in the Temple by the morning post.

He ought not to have been surprised. His mother, who had no suspicion of his feelings towards Viola, had written to him more than once, telling him of hints received from the aunts, and of hopes that Vi would soon be "settled;" but though he had lived in dread of an engagement, he had never dreamed of such a speedy marriage.

Well, he had helped to bring it about himself. He had no prospect of being able to marry at present, and he knew very well that to disturb all the family relations by betraying his feelings on an uncertainty would be utterly unjustifiable. He swallowed his bitter pill in solitude and silence; but he could not stifle—he did not think that he was bound to stifle—cruel misgiving. Viola's letter told him nothing. If she adored her millionaire or if she did not, she would express herself much in the same way. But what he did know,



what shut his own lips, was, that his love was a mere child, incapable of knowing her own feelings, incapable of having feelings that could justify so sudden a step.

He could not go to Beachcombe and judge for himself. His reception as Viola's "brother" by the aunts would not have been hearty. He wrote Viola a note.

"Dear Vi,

"I hope with all my heart you may be happy, but you haven't left yourself much time to buy your wedding-gown.

"Your affectionate brother,

*"Edward Mason."*

More than this he could not screw out of himself. Then he made such arrangements as were needful, went off and took the night train for Northborough, found himself there before daylight on a cold and stormy morning, waiting there miserably for the train to Ashby, which he reached in time for breakfast, and then took a trap and drove to Marsdale. Cathrigg Hall was two days post from Beachcombe. He might be there in time to modify the answers to Viola's letters, to instil caution into his mother, to do, he did not know what. And how account reasonably for his sudden arrival?

He drove along the cold and gloomy valley. Spring came slowly up the way of Marsdale, and Scunner Head, Swarth Fell and Three Cross Rigg frowned at him as he passed on to where Cathrigg Hall lay in the black shadow of the hills.

Two figures stood on the rough grass-grown sweep before the front door. One was Sir Caradoc, stooping a little over his stick, the other was younger. Surely not Crad come home? No, Crad never wore such unexceptionable clothes. It was Mr. Winterton. He had, at any rate, lost no time in securing his prize.

A chilly gleam of sunlight was struggling through the clouds, and the guest had evidently been brought out to see the view of the valley.

Sir Caradoc hailed the newcomer, as his trap came in sight, with a wave of his stick and a cheerier tone than usual. Then, as Edward dismounted, "Hallo! Ned! Heard the news? I believe you've met Mr. Winterton? Come down for a little holiday?"

"Yes, sir, Viola wrote me. How d'ye do? Congratulations—I'm sure! I just ran down to see my mother."

"So you see Vi has lost no time. Well, well, it's all for the best no doubt."

"I could only come and plead my cause in person," said Mr. Winterton genially, but with his eye a little watchful.

"I'll go in and see my mother, sir. I'll not interrupt," said Edward, escaping.

He met Lady Crosby in the hall in great surprise at his arrival.

"My dear Ned, what has brought you? How have you managed?"

"Well, mother," said Ned, as he kissed her and followed her into the little dark-panelled low-celled morning room, where she usually sat, "the fact is that Vi wrote to me to announce her engagement, and as it seemed such a hurried-up business I thought I'd run down and hear what you were going to do. Surely, mother, Vi is very young to be married in a month, and why shouldn't she come home first? Of course, anyhow you'll go to her?"

"Well, Ned, it's been put in this way. Mr. Winterton is going to New York for six months. He wants to make it his wedding tour. The aunts give Viola a handsome trousseau. They wish to have the wedding at Beachcombe, and Vi herself does not seem to want to come home. They have sent a pressing invitation to her father and to me—and Mr. Winterton has been very nice."

"Vi always declared she couldn't live away from here."

"Oh, my dear, that's nonsense. Ned, if you knew the relief of having her well provided for, one anxiety gone, you wouldn't wonder at our agreeing to anything. And her aunts have every right to arrange for her. I'm glad you've come to entertain George Winterton."

Details as to income and settlements on the bride followed. Lady Crosby, in her satisfaction, revealed to her son more of the hardships of her ordinary lot than he had ever guessed. He perceived that even clothes for the wedding would not be got without some planning and consideration. Presents? Well, there was a miniature of a great-aunt Viola set in diamonds, Sir Caradoc could give that to his daughter, it would be something to show in New York. Some point lace too, exquisite and irreplaceable, Lady Crosby would have it put to rights and made wearable. Edward must take it to London, and see about putting it in the hands of an expert.

"And you can write to Quentin, my dear boy, and explain it all. He always thinks a good deal of what you say. Oh, it is much better that she should be married at Beachcombe. Imagine the difficulty of having it here!"

Edward agreed to everything. After all, whatever his inward personal feelings might be, there was all the outer habit of family life, and he was the only "brother" that Viola had at hand.

Mr. Winterton did not stay long. He had done the right thing, in coming at once to Viola's father, his speedy marriage gave him of course much to settle, and he proposed to go back to town by the night train. He had been a great deal in New York and was more than half an American. He had always known that Viola was penniless, and the dilapidated state of her ancestral home made no difference to him. It would do just as well to talk of, across

the water, and he was honestly in love.

He presented the children with a box of French bonbons the like of which had never entered their wildest dreams, and which he had bought, he said, on purpose to make friends with his new little brother and sisters.

He was respectful to Sir Caradoc and cordial to Edward, who might as well have gone back with him but for three excellent reasons, his third-class return ticket, his objection to the fortunate lover's company, and his desire to go and see Mr. Quince, of whom no one seemed to be thinking, but who would probably miss Viola more than any one else in Marsdale.

So on the next morning, which was sunny and clear, he went over to Greenhead Howe, and found Mr. Quince sitting by his fire with four dogs and a new review for company.

"Eh, Ned," he said, "I didn't think of seeing you, I've been but poorly. The Crosby gout has its fangs in me as well as in my brother, and I'm getting on in years. But of course you've heard the news? Vi wrote to me. But you'll tell me more."

He took out a little note, almost identical with that sent to Edward except that Vi added: "When I'm in London you shall come and stay with me, and go to that book-shop with the name I can't spell every day."

"She means Quaritch's," said Mr. Quince, with a little laugh. "She's a good, faithful girl! It's good news, Mason, good news."

"I suppose so, sir."

"She has cut herself loose."

"You'll miss her, Mr. Quince."

"Yes. But it's all for the best. What could she do here when she grows to be a woman? for she's but a slip of a girl now."

"Well, sir," said Edward, "I believe Winterton's all right in every way; but it's such a hurry. Quentin can hardly

hear of it till she's married, nor of course poor Crad."

"Crad will read it in the papers. Crad will turn up again, at least I think he will. These fells will drag him back some day."

"Suppose they drag Viola, when it's too late."

"Oh," said Mr. Quince, "it's different for women. Biddums is delighted. It's her side of the house that has the glory of it, you see."

And in truth Biddums, when Edward went in to pay her a visit, and sat down in her spacious kitchen by her big fire, had much to say and to ask. She wanted to know what "the gentleman" was like, and if he was handsome enough for Miss Vi. She had much to say of the two Tremaddock brides who had come to Cathrigg Hall. The first was her own young mistress, Miss Mary, who had come with her from the far southwest five and fifty years ago.

"She were a true Cornish maid, she were, and she only lived five years in the cold winds and the long winters. And every eighth of May, Mr. Edward, us made garlands for the Flora Day, and hung them on the back of the children's chairs. She was a merry laughing maid—a deal handsomer than even Miss Vi. Master Quince he were her pet—her baby. Times were better then, and we had company and plenty of servants at the Hall."

"That was Miss Vi's grandmother?"

"Yes, and then years afterwards came her mother, Miss Lucy Tremaddock, my Miss Mary's cousin. Ah, she wasn't such a happy young lady, and Sir Caradoc wasn't an easy gentleman to do with. Ah well, sir, my lady that now is, is a good lady too. But law, sir, 'tis only right that Miss Vi's aunties should have the marrying of her. I'd a liked to see her pretty face first, but it's better as it is. This here poor little church, 'tain't fit for a young lady's wedding."

"Well, Biddums, I'm glad you're satisfied."

"Ah, sir, there's one as I ain't satisfied for. I often wonder if Mr. Crad is sleeping soft and warm. He'm our own, you see, us can't forget'un. Law, sir, you'll have to bring down a young lady, there's plenty in London, no doubt."

Plenty—but only one Vi. But Edward, like the majority of people, in fact if not in fiction, had to swallow his feelings and go on with his life as best he could. He went back to London on the next day and tried to think of something else than whether it would be expedient to be too busy to attend Viola's wedding.

In the course of a day or two Mr. Quince, having got the better of his gout, put on his best clothes, and, with only Oscar and Marsdale Jem behind him, went over to call on Lady Crosby and offer his congratulations. He always observed certain formalities, just as Biddums, as "Mrs. Penaluna," went over occasionally to tea with Lady Crosby's maid, and to discourse to her on the past glories of the Cathrigg establishment.

Lady Crosby was very cordial and sisterly, and told him all the details that another letter from Miss Tremaddock had brought. She and Sir Caradoc were really going to Beachcombe on the Tuesday in Easter week.

Sir Caradoc came in with a cleared brow and a good-humored manner. A little bit of luck is a great softener of angles in an unlucky household. Viola should have the best specimens of her uncle's carving, and the best Marsdale puppy should be trained for her against her return from New York and her establishment in a home of her own.

As they sat and chatted over the tea-table before the little fire in Lady Crosby's morning room, where a bright little pot of early tulips gave promise of spring, a man on horseback from

Ashby rode up the drive. He had a green envelope in his hand, a foreign telegram for Sir Caradoc Crosby.

From India—from Chitral—from Quentin's Colonel.

"Captain Crosby killed, skirmish with hill-tribe, gallant record."

Ah, well! They all read it! It was a bolt from the blue. Lady Crosby hurried out to tell the messenger that there was no answer, they could send in later.

The brothers sat in silence. They were both men old before their time; but when Lady Crosby came back, they looked as if ten years had passed over their heads. Quentin was the successful one, the hopeful one, the one who was off their minds.

"He always has had the luck," said the older Quentin, with a gray face, and a low voice, as he read the message again. "It might have been worse, Caradoc, much worse—for you."

Sir Caradoc broke down and wept. A hard life had hardened him. He had seen his first-born go away without much sorrow. He did not miss him day by day; but fatherhood asserted itself, he had lost his eldest son.

After they had begun to talk a little and to wonder, and to think of letters, Lady Crosby said, "Ah, poor Viola, and the wedding."

"Understand," said Sir Caradoc, suddenly, striking his hand on the table, "I'll not have Vi's wedding put off a day. Not a day! Some wretched mischance'll come and stop it. I'll have no difference made."

"But oh, my dear," said his wife, in tears, "it's so soon, and we couldn't go—and the wedding—"

"Well, we can stay away. She can be married in her common gown. Who's to care if I don't? But I'll not trust it for an extra day!"

"I don't like it," said Lady Crosby. "And oh, if we knew about poor Crad—"

"Crad?" cried the father, starting up. "Ah, if the Almighty was to take one, why wasn't it Crad? No, this shall make no difference, it's all in my own hands, Caradoc shan't benefit. I've got another boy, your boy, my lady, Giles shall come after me."

"Sir Caradoc! Don't speak of such things now."

Then Sir Caradoc broke out into a torrent of words which cannot be printed here, and which made his wife hide her face, and his brother walk to the window.

He cursed his own misery and the Author of it.

Quentin turned round and faced him. "You must not grudge your eldest son his good fortune, Caradoc," he said. "'A gallant record.' Death for his Queen and country. Quentin is lucky."

Then Sir Caradoc's fury broke down again into grief, and he went out and shut himself into his own room.

"Oh," said Lady Crosby, shuddering. "God forgive him, he did not know what he said!"

"He has no other way of expressing himself," said Mr. Quince. "Forget it if you can."

"And oh, Quentin, you know I never thought of Giles. I would not have him put in his brother's place."

"No, Lady Crosby. I know that well; and he won't be. The title must be Caradoc's, and the debts and mortgages had better go with it. But it's no time for this talk. You had better write to Miss Tremaddock—and, yes—of course—to Ned."

"But about the marriage," said Lady Crosby. "It's not a month. What shall I do? He won't change. He'll insist."

"He can't, if they settle it otherwise. Of course, there's an end of the gay wedding."

"Yes—oh, Mr. Quince, I'm a selfish woman, I don't really think of anything but that poor boy—but I—I can't

help grieving over the little bit of pleasure—we have so little—I—I thought her father might have met his friends, and taken his place—it's getting beyond me!"

Quentin went away at last, promising to return on the next day.

"There's nothing to do, alas!" he said. But he knew that there was one thing to be done. "Crad must be found," he thought to himself, "if he's this side of eternity."

## CHAPTER X.

### TO FOLLOW RIGHT.

Elsie Elsworthy was sitting on a bench by the riverside, and near her sat Charles Cross, his eyes on her face, and his tongue only just silent after an impetuous confession of the feelings that had been growing in his heart towards her.

She held the arm of the bench firmly with her hand, her eyes looked straight away across the river. Her heart throbbed both with joy and compunction—joy, for how readily it answered to the pleading; compunction for she knew that she never ought to have let it be made to her.

"Give me the hope," he said, "I'll work and wait, but *this* is my life."

"Just now it is," said Elsie, finding voice and breath.

"Of course," said the young man, "I am bound now to be quite open with you and your father. You shall know all there is to know about me—it's not creditable—but it has all passed away—"

"I do know," said Elsie. "I've guessed."

"You guessed—"

"Yes. I ought to have told you. Please, you must let me speak."

She turned and looked at him with clear, steadfast eyes, though her mouth quivered, and the color came and went in her face.

"I guessed because I saw your sister at Beachcombe, and heard about the other little dogs and your uncle Quince. Of course we knew that you were a gentleman born. You don't think my father so ignorant as not to see that."

"Does your father know?"

"No, I thought I ought to tell you first that I guessed. And I ought to have told—But—"

"But now you shall tell me first that you cared for me a little. Elsie—you do, you do—you will be my salvation—"

"I will not talk about that. There are things that matter more than my caring. If I cared I would not have you do a hair's-breadth of wrong for me."

As Elsie spoke with effort and strain, the brave words found an echo in her breast, and she got herself in hand, and spoke firmly.

"No, Mr. Crosby. You can't even be sure of yourself. This is *not* your life really, it cannot be, and it ought not to be. This six months might pass from you like a dream."

"Well," said Caradoc, "you must listen to my story. It does not matter to me if people know who my father is. I told Mr. Elsworthy the truth. We're desperately poor, and I'm a younger son. My brother's in India; he's all right. I was sent down from Oxford. I played the fool there in many ways. I—yes—I wanted to marry a farmer's daughter, and she wouldn't have me. But I can look her—and you—in the face. Then there was a row and I quarrelled with my father, and he kicked me out and cursed me. I meant to enlist, and the rest you know. But I declare to you that I have found here the first rational life I ever knew. I have no other means of earning an honest living, I never can have so far as I see. You don't make my father's consent a condition—"

"He must know," said Elsie.



"Even if he made your father's business a difficulty—"

"That is not what I mean," said Elsie, with dignity. "I have not been brought up to think that a man really earning his own living may not in the long run choose for himself, and I think any one might be proud to belong to my father. But you can't cast aside all your past. It has great claims on you. It would be very wrong for you to make new ties and forget the old ones. And I am sure no one has a right to hide himself. I am sure you must be making some of them unhappy. I have thought a great deal about it."

Perhaps Elsie did not quite see how much she admitted by this confession of constant thought about her lover. Her words came home, but he was more full of herself.

"At least you can't say that you care nothing for me," he said, trying to take her hand.

"I will not say anything about that," said Elsie, standing up and drawing away from him; "there is a great deal to come before that."

"Of course," said Caradoc, with some sullenness, "you are at liberty to tell your father all about me."

"I could have done that at any time," said Elsie, "but I shall not. That is your own affair. You can hide yourself if you will—but—but—you've no right to come to me with only a little bit of yourself. It's not right at all—"

Some hot feeling forced itself through Elsie's controlled tones and her eyes filled with tears. Caradoc moved on by her side as she walked hastily on.

"I suppose I have no right to anything," he said.

"Oh," said Elsie, conquering herself again, "*do—do* forget about me—about what you have been saying to me—and let me say out what I think, as if I hadn't anything to do with it. I *do* think that what you are doing now—

your life with my father—is very likely good and right for you in yourself. I dare say you ought to go on with it, or something like it. But it hasn't got any foundations; you have got to set the past straight, to know your real self—oh—tell my father all your story, and don't say anything about me. There's time enough for all that. No, no, you shall not come with me, I am going in." She fled from him across the grass, and in at the garden gate, and he stood alone, rebuffed and baffled, and feeling a second time that a woman had put aside his suit as unwelcome and unsuitable, even while he might well think it possible that she did not altogether reject himself.

And as he bitterly said this to himself he felt convinced that his love for Elsie belonged to a deeper, a more lasting part of him than that wild passion of the imagination that had made him idealize the beautiful peasant girl who would have none of him. Was this good, useful, peaceful life, with Elsie for a helpmeet, a dream and a delusion too? Braver and steadier thoughts came to him. He saw—he was capable of seeing—with what keen delicacy of judgment she had recognized his independence while she pointed out his duty. Courage, honesty, patience would give him his life into his own hand, there was no need of snatching it in doubtful ways.

Caradoc had the fine perceptions that showed him more of the right than people steadier in practice always know. He saw the whole situation. Elsie might say, "Forget about me," but he knew well what had passed between them made silence on his part a treachery to her father and to himself.

"Well, I'll do it," he thought, "whatever comes of it."

The interview had taken place in the dinner hour, while Elsie was taking Quince for an airing, and Caradoc now betook himself to the Museum, where

he knew Mr. Elsworthy had gone to superintend some of the new arrangements, and where he expected his assistant to join him.

The upper room of the Faringdon Museum was one of those delightful old long chambers which seem the very homes of ancient learning. Its doors and ceiling, its deep-recessed windows, had beauties of line and treatment which hardly any one in Ashenhead could appreciate. Through one of its mullioned lattices was to be seen the river and the hills, and the one at the other end framed the old church tower as in a vignette. There were books, and there were cases filled with the more valuable and perhaps least popular collections—coins and old Roman relics, ancient charters belonging to the town, and a few engravings. By the further window was a fine, big oak table, at which Mr. Elsworthy sat conducting a correspondence with the authority on Roman tiles at the British Museum. The room was at once light and shady, and as Caradoc walked down it, he felt himself in the very heart of that ordered peace which was not his by right at all.

There were no visitors present; there very rarely were any. He could not have a better opportunity for his disclosures, and he summoned all his resources of manner to his aid, and said, in a tone in which Mr. Elsworthy recognized a new note:

"I have something to say to you, sir—a communication; perhaps a confession to make—due certainly to your great kindness to me."

"And what is it?" said Mr. Elsworthy. "Sit down, we're not likely to be interrupted."

"I want to tell you who I am," said Caradoc abruptly, as he sat down by the table; and then he plunged into the story as he had told it to Elsie, and the older man, listening to what was not altogether unlike what he had known

would come, knew that he loved this handsome youth, with the responsive eyes and the kindly, intelligent ways.

"We must have this out fully now," he said. "Your father, you say, would hold no communication with you. Have you no other relatives who may be anxious as to your fate?"

"Oh yes, I have," said Caradoc; "but there is no one with any right to recall me."

"I do not think that that is the question. You are twenty-three you told me? You are earning your own living; if you choose you can make a life for yourself. But such a life can have no sure foundation, no permanence, if it involves hiding from your friends, and is carried on under a false name."

"I wanted," said Caradoc, "to put all possible barriers between me and the past. If I *had* enlisted, my life would have begun again."

"And ended?" said Mr. Elsworthy quietly. "'With none to tell *Them* where we died.' You recall the rest of the poem."

Caradoc colored.

"I don't think they would have cared to know," he said bitterly. "But when the past is not to one's own credit—when one's only wish is to be free from its influence—then surely one may well shrink from reviving it."

"You are afraid of it! How much do you mean by that?" said Mr. Elsworthy.

Then Caradoc seemed to know clearly what he did mean. There was no such disgrace in his past as would cloud his present. No one had the power, scarcely the right, to interfere with him. No, what he feared was the influence of that past itself. That home, those familiar scenes, the very air of the rocks and fells, the neighborhood of the woman for whose sake he had flung it all away—the power of the old life might rush over him, and blot the new one out.

To know one's self, and yet not to possess one's self, that is a hard lot.

He was silent for a long time, with pale face and downcast eyes, then he looked up, and there was a new tone in his voice as he answered David Elsworthy's thoughts rather than his words. "You're quite right, sir. I've got to make sure that I *am* free to make a new life for myself. I've no right to say to you what I came to say this afternoon. But I shall say it later."

Caradoc could hardly have explained what caused him to abstain from repeating his offer to Elsie's father; it seemed on the surface a more straight thing to do than to be silent. But an instinct told him that if he did so he put the power of action out of his own hands. It might then seem impossible for Mr. Elsworthy to be silent towards his father, and his present life would at once be cut off from him, so he resisted the impulse to anchor himself to this new shore by any further self-committal.

"I will write to my step-brother," he said; "there was never any reason why I should not have done that."

"I think you will act wisely," said Mr. Elsworthy.

Then Caradoc moved, and, going over to his own place, sat down to the catalogue of local birds, while Mr. Elsworthy fidgetted restlessly for a little while and then went into the house.

Elsie, in the meantime, went into the parlor and sat down by the window with Quince on her lap, intending to consider the situation. Her aunt was out, fortunately. She was perplexed, unhappy! Ah! yes, but as she said so to herself, unconsciously the light came into her eyes, smiles played round her mouth—and she fell into a dream of bliss. He loved her, he had said so, he, round whose image a halo of romance would cling. She recalled their first meeting, the silent figure in the

corner—then his kindness, his courage, the adaptable patience he had shown in the new life, his face, his voice, his ways with her, his words to-day, his sad story, his hard father, and those wild hills and vales from whence he came.

It was all so different from "the attentions" which, though not very prominent in Elsie's life, had not been altogether absent from it. The young solicitor, and the son of the great furniture-van house—who had shown that they liked her company, and who, as she well knew many of her friends thought, might come forward.

Their comfortable prospects, their quite creditable records, seemed dull compared to a mysterious stranger who—was Caradoc Crosby.

Elsie's pure conscience, her steady sense had guided her words to her lover, but her heart and her fancy went the way of those wandering possessions since time began.

It was all doubtful, all perhaps impossible, but there would always be this—and that—and that to remember—

She started as her father opened the door. He came in and sat down opposite to her.

"Elsie," he said, "young Cross has been telling me his history."

"Yes, papa," said Elsie, a little breathlessly, "I've—I've guessed about it since I saw Viola Crosby at Beachcombe."

"Ah! And you said nothing?"

"Do you think I was wrong, papa? I thought it was his own business. I thought more harm might come of telling Viola. Ought I to have told you?"

"Why didn't you?"

"One reason was," said Elsie, "that I thought you would hardly let him stay here, and yet—Papa, if I don't tell you things, it's because I know that you wouldn't tell yourself if you were me."

"We will say nothing," said her fa-

ther, after a brief pause, "not even to your aunt. He must act for himself. But if he means to make a new life for himself, he must set it on secure foundations. I am not at all surprised, though the idea had not struck me. The Crosbys are a queer family, I know. There have been tragedies and scandals, and I know they are very hard up. It's a bad 'havage,' as my old mother used to call the stock that people came off. But I like the lad. There's very fine stuff in him. And the finest stuffs get torn and soiled the quickest. I never met another young fellow who liked my hobbies so well."

"I think he likes *you*, father," said Elsie.

"Yes, I think he does. I'm glad he spoke out. I don't see but what he is doing as well for himself here as he could do anywhere."

*The Sunday Magazine.*

At this moment a letter was brought in and given to Elsie. It was from her elder aunt, and she opened it quickly, partly because she hardly knew what to say.

"Oh—father!" she cried, as she read, "Viola Crosby is going to be married. She's going to marry Mr. Winterton, and going to America. Oh! he ought to make friends and see her before she goes. All the aunts are delighted."

Mr. Elsworthy required some explanation before he fully recognized the connection of "all the aunts" with his assistant. He remarked that the coincidence was a strange one, and that Elsie had better tell the young man about it. It would no doubt make him more anxious to re-open communication with his family.

*Christabel Coleridge.*

(*To be continued.*)

## MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Bishop Creighton used to say that, apart from the founder of Christianity, no historical character gains on a nearer acquaintance; and certainly very small experience is needed to show how ruthlessly macadamizing is the progress of Research, how the "bad" men of our childhood are crushed up, and the "good" men crushed down, till they meet in one monotonous level of moral mediocrity. But even Research has its compensations. What our heroes lose in dim grandiosity will be more than repaid to them in vividness and life, once the clear sunlight is let in; and Madame de Maintenon need not complain if more than one biographical Pygmalion had recently arisen to transform her chill statue into flesh and blood.

For a long while the bizarre uniqueness of her career stood in the way of all attempt to see it in a rational light. Adventurers and ruling royal mistresses were common enough in the seventeenth century; but Madame de Maintenon was never a mistress, and is unlike the common run of adventuresses in that she rose by her virtues, not by her vices. And certainly virtue carried her further than ever vice did them. At the moment when the French Monarchy reached its zenith of splendor, she emerged from the very dingiest surroundings to become Queen of France in all but name—and that as wife of Louis XIV, the proudest and most kingly prince who ever occupied a throne. In her own day a triumph so amazing seemed to be due to more

than natural causes. She herself attributed her whole success to the guiding Hand of God; while her enemies spoke of her reign as "a mystery of iniquity," and "the most awful humiliation ever designed by Fortune—not here to say Providence—for the most arrogant of kings." Even many latter-day historians have left her a figure unnecessarily mysterious, still clad in the same great cloak of sable draperies in which contemporaries describe her flitting through the galleries of Versailles. And it still seems a little sacrilegious to look at her as she really was—a woman of rather noble, and rather morbid, but still quite ordinary character, borne into greatness by the play of very extraordinary circumstances.

There was no particular reason why she should be otherwise. Hereditary genius—that modern apology for the fairy godmother—never stood by her cradle; the family were wholly undistinguished till her grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné, made a great name for himself, fighting by the side of Henry IV, in the later Wars of Religion. But he was a strange enough progenitor for a decorous Catholic lady—this tough, hard-living, old Huguenot—and a still stranger was her father; vices, crimes and imprisonments make up the whole of Constant d'Aubigné's life. Even his marriage bears the taint of the gaol. His wife was the daughter of his keeper, and gave birth to their illustrious child in Niort prison on November 27, 1635. Fortunately for herself, however, the young Françoise had little to do with her parents; though she saw enough of her mother's misfortunes to convince her that marriage proves a curse to three-quarters of the human race. She was brought up by a Huguenot aunt, until a Catholic relative, one Mme. de Neullant, got possession of her, in virtue of an order from the bitterly anti-Protestant court, with a view to her conversion to the Roman Church.

This lady's proselytizing methods being chiefly scanty fare and insufficient clothing, failed to impress a precocious maid of fourteen; Françoise thought it due alike to her conscience and her sense of self-importance to hold out, Bible in hand, until the priests had fairly worsted her in argument.

A couple of years later she was of marriageable age, and soon the strangest of suitors presented himself. Paul Scarron was a burlesque writer and coffee-house wit of great celebrity, but elderly, and so crippled by rheumatism as to be "more like the letter Z than a man." In such a marriage there could be no talk of affection. Scarron pretended only to a friendly interest in the handsome, clever, ill-used girl, and owned that his appearance as a bridegroom was the greatest poetical license he ever took in his life. Françoise repaid him by becoming an admirable nurse, and equally admirable hostess to the miscellaneous polite society that gathered round his mattress-grave; more than once, it is said, she managed to cover the absence of a joint from dinner by her fascinating stories. But she was strict enough in her behavior; and when Scarron died without a penny—"having sunk all his fortune in search of the philosopher's stone, or something else as practical"—it was only fair that her "glorious and irreproachable poverty" should be lightened by a small pension from the Court.

Left a widow at twenty-five, she could for the first time taste the sweets of independence. Her pension just allowed her to live in modest comfort; it is noticed, for instance, that she always burned wax candles in her rooms, instead of the more usual tallow—no small consideration to a lady who hated the grime of shabby gentility almost as much as running into debt. But her charms could afford to be independent of wax-candles—while as to



her dresses, her ingenuous old confessor once said that, plain as they were, there was somehow such *bonne grâce* about them that he felt attracted more than was right. For her social qualities Madame de Sévigné will answer; that incomparable judge of breeding found her company "delicious."

Society, in fact, was now the one occupation of her life; *elle voyait fureusement du monde*, says a contemporary gossip. To the end of her days she was a votary of the art of conversation, and held (as all good talkers should) that it can only be really enjoyed among friends of the opposite sex. Without being learned or very brilliant, she had a lively intellectual curiosity, and was easily taken with new ideas. At this time she was much attracted to the high-flown, romantic notions of the *Précieuses*, the aesthetes of the age; later on, she became enthusiastic for Racine's poetry and Fénelon's mysticism. But her judgment always told her when to stop. She threw over Racine so soon as he was suspected of Jansenist heresy, and Fénelon long before he was condemned by the Church; nor did her *préciosité* ever become ridiculous—her language is always terse and graphic, if it smells a little of the lamp. Judgment, too, gave her that placid sense of her own deficiencies which goes to make the excellent listener; she boasted herself one of the few women left in France who dare confess that there were limits to her knowledge. Added to this, hers was the blessing of an equable temper, which never "philosophized over an air," or took offence at accidental slights; she was capricious enough to be interesting, and sufficiently reserved to make her friendship a distinction. But a stormy youth had left her with too much cynical shrewdness and self-dependence to allow of her ever being monopolized by any single person. "I could not love any one I did not re-

spect," she says, "and I know so much evil about those around me that it is the rarest of pleasures to be able even to praise them." It was to an abstract idea that Mme Scarron's heart was really given—to a craving, passionate, almost hysterical, for the world's honor and esteem. "I never wished to be loved by any particular person," she wrote late in life; "I wished to be thought well of by all. Honor was my folly, honor was my idol, for which perhaps I am now punished by excess of greatness. Would to God I had done as much for Him as I have done for my reputation!"

This longing is the basis of the proverbial philosophy she afterwards condensed into copy-book headings for her girls. "Discretion is the most hard-worked of the virtues." "Have nothing to fear, nothing to hide, and nothing to regret." "There is nothing so clever as never being in the wrong." It explains her rather cynical courtship of the respectable; "to a young woman in my position," she used to say, "a respectable peeress cannot be dull." It was the secret of worthier social successes. No one steered a more careful course than Madame Scarron between odious self-assertiveness and self-effacement; no woman ever put greater constraint on herself to become *droite, douce, commode*. Sometimes there was not even need for constraint, and the æsthetic pleasure of the exercise became its own reward—as when she once amused herself by nursing a casual acquaintance through the small-pox, partly to test her own strength of purpose, partly to impress the world.

No one can live wholly on such flaccid diet as esteem; and Madame Scarron, having refused to love her neighbors, was fain at times to win some human sympathy by serving them. Out of her usual isolation she would suddenly plunge into ruthless self-sacrifice—so ruthless, indeed, that some of her early

performances as a schoolgirl, and some of her later, as the wife of Louis, recall that "sensual lust of self-abnegation," over which the doctors are wont to look grave. But in her best days this morbid element was translated into a restless, superabundant energy, that threw its whole force into every trifle—just as other loveless women have washed floors with their empty hearts. We hear only of most practical services to deformed little children, like Madame de Chevreuil's daughter (whose leg she often left a party to bandage, because no one else could do it as well), or else to inexperienced brides like Madame d'Heudicourt, to whom she acted as an amateur housekeeper. "Six o'clock never found me in bed, though the young mistress of the house seldom appeared before twelve. I used to give all the orders of the day, and set the carpenters and upholsterers to work, helping them with my own hands, whenever necessary. . . . I little thought that the first step towards my present astonishing greatness had been taken, when Madame de Montespan noticed my usefulness to our common friend."

Such, however, was the case. A new and far vaster field was opened for the display of Madame Scarron's virtues when the moral frailties of Madame de Montespan led to her introduction to Louis XIV. In 1668 that lady's intrigue with her Olympian paramour began, and in due time a nurse was needed for the resulting children. Madame de Montespan proposed Madame Scarron, and Madame Scarron accepted a post then in no wise thought discreditable, least of all to ladies with a very narrow income. At first the existence of the children was kept secret, and their governess, with characteristic caution, had herself bled, so as not to blush at inconvenient questions. But in 1673 they were legitimized, and she appeared openly at Court. Next year the

King's gratitude bought her the small estate of Maintenon, which carried a title with it. Henceforward she is "Madame de Maintenon."

This present was Louis's first mark of favor to his future wife. He had begun by disliking her as a literary prude, and Madame de Montespan told him terrible stories of her temper—for contiguity had wrought its usual effects on two ladies so clever and so determined. But he was touched by her devotion to his children, especially to the eldest boy, the Duke of Maine—that bastard, says St. Simon, being the son of his loins, while the Dauphin was only his heir—and a correspondence sprang up between them during the summer of 1675, which she spent with the young Duke in the Pyrenees. Very little was enough to show him that he had cruelly misjudged her, and to incline his impressionable heart to make *amende honorable* in the opposite direction; that winter Madame de Sévigné's letters are full of his sudden interest in Madame de *Maintenant*. A twelve-month later the interest had deepened into passion; she is pronounced his "first or second friend." By 1680 she had become "the soul of this Court," recognized as his "chief confidante" both by Madame de Montespan and the Queen.

To this bare narrative of her triumphs contemporaries would add many notes of exclamation; to us it will seem less surprising that she rose than that she did not rise before. Louis had outgrown the sensualities of youth; in 1680 he was forty-two, she three years older, Madame de Montespan thirty-nine. She had all the qualities that suited him best, while only great beauty saved her rival from being a continual irritation to his nerves. The mistress possessed a brilliant intellect, but little sense; the homelier talents of the "confidante" were built up on her tact and self-control. Madame de Montespan had a bit-

ter, caustic tongue, and proved in her rage a very "tigress in ringlets;" Madame de Maintenon was never out of temper, and only used her wit for purposes of flattery. Madame de Montespan, when other means of holding Louis failed, fled to love-philtres—some say even to poisons. Madame de Maintenon "guided him into an unknown country, into an intercourse of friendship and conversation, where there was no intriguing and no constraint."

Lastly, it must be remembered that Louis's conscience, though always tortuous and always torpid, was never wholly asleep; and it was to his conscience that Madame de Maintenon specially appealed. "I accepted his friendship," she says, "to give him good counsels, break the chain of his mistresses, and lead him back to the Queen." Nor is there room to doubt her absolute sincerity, though we might have wished her a little less self-consciously unselfish, less pleased at her triumph over Madame de Montespan. But neither Louis nor his wife was disposed to be critical. The neglected Queen blessed her as an angel sent from Heaven, and the King might have said to the second Esther what Racine's Ahasuerus says to the first:—

Je ne trouve qu'en vous je ne sais  
quelle grâce  
Qui me charme toujours, et jamais ne  
me lasse—  
De l'aimable vertu doux et puissants  
attraits . . .  
Ee crois que votre front prête à mon  
diadème  
Un éclat qui le rend respectable aux  
dieux même.

The actual sharing of the diadem (in so far as Madame de Maintenon can ever be said to have shared it) was due to the very sudden death of the Queen in the summer of 1683. Louis soon found his position as a widower "repugnant both to his inclinations and his habits," and

his passion for Madame de Maintenon had not had time to cool. So he decided on a secret marriage, which took place in an improvised chapel at Versailles in the dead of a January night of 1684.

Of the depth and endurance of his affection there can be no doubt. Madame de Maintenon's bitterest enemy, the Duchess of Orleans, declares again and again that he loved "Old Madam Wish-wash" infinitely more than ever any of his mistresses. With her the case was different. Her second marriage proved the culmination of that crisis, so common in the characters of women, when the habits and certainties of youth have passed away, and life re-forms with new necessities and fresh ideals. Especially was this the case with her dominant passion for "honor." Ten years' experience of Versailles had lowered her (never very high) opinion of her fellow-creatures, till she cared no more for their esteem. What was the use of courting the praises of the virtuous where there was scarcely a virtuous tongue to praise? On the other hand, she could not live without appreciation; so she drifted slowly towards religion, in the hope of winning applause more worth the having from her Maker. But first there was a period of doubt and despondency, where she "feared she was doing little credit either to herself or her confessor." Only when the friendship with Louis began did this hesitation vanish; thenceforward all anxiety about her own soul was merged in the greater responsibility of his. The moral enthusiasm, with which she began, steadily deepened in intensity during the thirty-one years of their married life; she was an instrument of Providence for his regeneration—the keeper of his conscience in a literal sense—charged to "encourage and console him, or, if it were God's pleasure, to grieve him with reproaches

that none but she dare utter." And as she grew older and feebler, she clung with more and more despairing energy to her mission; the one recurring burden of her letters is, "*Il me prend des frayeurs extrêmes sur le salut du Roi.*"

Yet it is difficult to believe that she ever governed the King, except in so far as a wife better than himself becomes the moral lode-stone of whatever good there is in a man—especially if he be such a man as Louis, always unusually responsive to the influence of women. To her fine-spun lectures on the Love of God (inspired by Fénelon and St. Francis of Sales) he preferred the "metallic beliefs and regimental devotions" of his Jesuit confessor, Father La Chaise, who also managed the Church patronage—much to her disgust—on the truly Jesuit principle that saintliness is the poorest of recommendations to a bishopric. In secular matters she was still more helpless. Louis disliked her knowing much about business, and on the two recorded occasions when she ventured to remonstrate (once about his expenditure on building, once about his persecution of the Protestants) cut her very short—the last time with a curt reminder that she had begun life as a Protestant herself. Yet it may be doubted whether France lost much by Louis's inattention to his wife. When zealous young philanthropists like Fénelon tried to make her "a sentinel in the midst of Israel" and patroness of their schemes of social reform, she answered—truly enough—that she had neither taste nor talent for public affairs. The few political utterances in her letters are almost childishly sentimental; typical of them is her enthusiasm for the restoration of the exiled Stuarts, due solely to the tearful and incompetent plety of James the Second's Queen. The most that can be claimed for her is a knowledge

of the *molles aditus et tempora*, when the King would listen without disguise to things which his ministers could not well say at the Council-board. And perhaps, had a Walpole been forthcoming, she might have made a humbler Caroline of Anspach.

As it was, there is something infinitely pathetic in the contrast between her great aims and their petty realization. Instead of ministering to Louis's spiritual, she had to be content with attending to his bodily health; it was a triumph if she could restrain his truly royal appetite for strawberries and mushrooms, and "teach him how to be ill." It is true she had her fill of adulation from Versailles, where the King was forever discovering little expedients for paying her semi-royal honors. St. Simon and the Duchess of Orleans grow pale with anger as they tell how—in a Court where spoons and cushions had a mystic significance, where the stool of the mere Duchess was carefully distinguished from the straight-backed chair of the Princess, and an arm-chair was the sacramental symbol of a reigning Sovereign—Madame de Maintenon's drawing-room was furnished with only two of these last, one for the King and one for herself. But both her enemies admit that she cared very little for such distinctions, and that nothing could be more modest than the place she took at the few State functions she attended.

But these uncoveted honors were bought at a heavy price. She herself said of her position that it had no neutral point, but must either intoxicate or crush, and her letters leave us little doubt that the latter was its more usual effect. For this her husband was chiefly to blame; autocratic inconsiderateness, joined to fanatical love of etiquette and order, had made him the most remorseless of domestic tyrants.

At seventy-five, although racked by rheumatism from head to foot, she must still go with him to meets of the royal hounds; for, as she says, "no tastes are allowed here but the master's, and I must confess that stag-hunting was never one of mine." At home she had to resign herself to "die symmetrically of draughts," since Louis's sense of the fitness of things could not tolerate a screen in front of her big, ill-fitting windows. He spent hours daily in the one large room that served her both for sitting in and sleeping; often he stayed there working with his ministers till it was time for her to go to bed. "I call in my maids to help me to undress," she says, "knowing all the time that he is in a fever lest they should overhear something. I have to hurry almost to the point of making myself ill—you know how I have hated hurry all my life. Even when I have got to bed, my troubles are not yet over. Often I should like a warming-pan, but there is no maid within call, and the King never suspects that I want anything. Being master everywhere, and always doing what he likes, he has not the slightest notion how much others have to put themselves out in his service. Sometimes, during my heavy colds, I have choked down a cough until I was almost suffocated, and the minister in attendance has had to call his attention to it."

If the King haunted her in the evenings, the minor royalties never left her alone by day. "They think," she said, "that Vision of themselves is Beatific, and compensates for everything else." It was seldom enough she sat down to dinner without having that elderly lout, the Dauphin, lolling speechless in a corner, or the King's brother, the Duke of Orleans, fidgeting round her with a shower of questions, as to why she took one dish and not another. Or else the young Duchess of Burgundy,

wife of the Dauphin's eldest son, burst in with her ladies, and "I am treated to an account of somebody's jokes, and somebody else's satirical speeches, and the good stories of a third, until I am ready to drop with fatigue at never hearing a word of sense. . . . At last they begin to drift away, but one of them has always something special—sure to be tiresome or unpleasant—to confide to me; either she has quarrelled with her husband, or been libelled, or else she wants me to ask for something from the King. . . . The curse of my life is that I have neither leisure nor occupation; no monastic rule could be harder than Versailles."

The one relief from this intolerable monotony was her great girls' school of St. Cyr, established by Louis within an easy distance of Versailles, as a kind of wedding present to his wife. She had always had a special taste for education, for which her leading qualities well fitted her; the old social elasticity and judgment, the old desire at once to influence and to sacrifice herself for others, all reappear in her little informal lectures to the mistresses. "All you have to teach your pupils," she said to them, "is Christianity and reason; but to do that you must use every means in your power, excepting harshness, which never yet brought any one to God. . . . Try to be good mothers to good children, and dare to order them to respect you. . . . Remember that, nuns as you are, the girls have the first claim on you; and let untiring devotion to them take the place of ordinary convent austerities."

And not only did old qualities come to light, but kept their freshness untarnished by Versailles. There every year added to her stiffness and reserve—she herself uses the expression, *sèche comme moi*, as a kind of proverb. At St. Cyr she was at every one's service, and never happier than when "teaching



Mlle. de la Tour to read, or examining a Postulant on her vocation." The school represented a far sounder political idea than usually emanated from her brain. It was established for the daughters of impecunious nobles, but its benefits were also intended for their future children and dependents; returned to her home, each pupil was to become a centre of provincial enlightenment, and do her best towards giving France the two things that France most needed—"broth and education." The same spirit of ardent, yet sensible and candid, patriotism inspired all the lessons of St. Cyr. Madame de Maintenon brought the national triumphs vividly before her girls by sketches of the great men she had known, such as Condé and Turenne; but she never allowed them to forget the national disgraces—every one was a Frenchwoman, and must learn to suffer with the rest. During the disastrous War of the Spanish Succession each of Marlborough's victories meant a Day of Humiliation to the school; and even its dinner-table bore eloquent witness to the universal misery and famine that followed in the train of the war.

Lastly, St. Cyr shows Madame de Maintenon's religion in its best and brightest form. At Court—what with the ennui of her myriad petty duties, and her anxiety about Louis's soul—she sank into something little better than a narrow, timorous devotee, morbidly keen to shift whatever burdened her conscience on to the shoulders of her priests. At St. Cyr the more objectionable forms of clericalism were sternly repressed. There were no agnuses or reliquaries or other "trumpery convent amusements;" the girls were taught that reason was the best auxiliary to piety. Nothing angered Madame de Maintenon more than the fatuities of ordinary convent schools—unless it was their prurient shamefaced-

ness. "The pupils," she wrote, "learn by heart the First Commandment, and adore the Virgin; they say 'Thou shalt not steal,' and see no harm in cheating the King out of his taxes. One little girl was scandalized because her father spoke of his breeches before her. Another, when I asked her the name of the Sacraments, would not mention marriage, and said, with a simper, that it was not the custom to do so at the convent where she was before. This is the sort of thing that makes conventual education ridiculous. When these young ladies get husbands themselves, they will find that marriage is no joke."

To this moral training of her girls her later energies were all directed. She drove over daily from Versailles; at Louis XIV's death (A.D. 1715), she retired altogether to St. Cyr; there she died (April 15, 1719) and was buried in the chapel. Indeed, the one reproach against her is that she made herself too indispensable. During her lifetime she had been the one organic force in the place; once she was gone petrification quickly set in. Exactly half a century after her death, Horace Walpole visited the school, to find the imprint of her dead hand everywhere—portraits of her in all the rooms, her proverbs and maxims the chief intellectual food of the girls. "She was not only their foundress, but their saint," he says, "and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed the Virgin Mary." None of her wishes was worse fulfilled than the prayer that St. Cyr might be able to do without her.

Still, in its own modest way, St. Cyr did France long and valuable service. Before it was swept away by the Revolution, many hundreds of young ladies had learnt there how to be good Christians and good Frenchwomen. And its foundress takes an honorable place in history, as a woman who, in all the relations of life, did her duty gallantly

and uncomplainingly according to her lights, narrow and ungracious as those lights might sometimes be. Both as educationalist and wife of Louis XIV, she compels our decent admiration; while as a victim to the wear and tear

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of Courts—to what her own letters call the unendurable ennui of unimaginable greatness—she has claims upon our sympathy equal to any modern Martyred Empress.

*St. Cyres.*

### THE HOME-COMING OF GUNGA BISHUN.

Gunga Bishun, Dubé Brahmin, had been resident in England for four years. He came straight from the holiest city in India to a small house in Bayswater. The change from sacred Kashi to common if not unclean Bayswater was great enough; but it was nothing to the transformation which four years had wrought in the man Gunga Bishun. Born and bred in a narrow lane of Benares, as closed to modern life as to the sun, he belonged to one of the strictest sects of the Hindoo Pharisees, scrupulous in the observances of all the laws of caste, and dreading pollution more than death. The English education he received in the school of a Scottish missionary had, it is true, loosened the roots of his belief. But until he came to England, and mixed familiarly with English people, living their life as he talked their language, he had remained in heart a Hindoo and a Brahmin. And now, as he looked back over the four years of his sojourn in Europe, he could hardly recollect what manner of man he had been when he landed at Southampton. Whatever he had been, there was no doubt what he was now. A man who talked English like an Englishman, who had eaten his dinners at the Inner Temple with the best of them, and had passed every examination not only with credit but with great distinction. He had come plain Gunga Bishun, the Dubé Brahmin from Benares. He was returning

as G. B. Dubé, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple. And this was the style under which his name appeared in the passenger list of the mail-steamer Ganges from Marseilles to Bombay.

He would tell you, not that he was returning to his own country, but that he was "going out" to India, and sooth to say he did not feel like an exile going back to the house of his fathers. He had acquired habits and tastes foreign to his own people. He had lived the life of a second-rate man about town, and could not look forward with contentment to the humble dwelling in a narrow lane of an Eastern city and the society of untravelled and bigoted Hindoos, which he knew awaited him. Not that he was wanting in natural affection. The thought of seeing his father and mother warmed his heart and sometimes brought tears to his eyes. But the Western education, the long association with Englishmen and Englishwomen, had changed him even more than he himself knew. It was not possible that he should contemplate his return with that joy which fills the breast of the young Englishman who rushes on board the homeward-bound ship on his first furlough.

Gunga Bishun's father was one Jowalla Pershad, Brahmin, a pleader in the Judges' Court at Benares. He was an illiterate man, in so far that he was unable to read and write even his

mother tongue with facility. He had inherited a modest property in land. But family disputes arose, as they often do in Hindoo families, and led to litigation. The lawsuit went on for years, and was taken up by the losing side from one court to another in the succession of appeals allowed by the Indian procedure. Jowalla Pershad had sworn by the Ganges that he would take the case to London if necessary, and when the last local appeal was given against him, to London it went. "Jowalla Pershad, defendant, appellant, *versus* Ram Buksh, plaintiff, respondent," before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council. It was a day of rejoicing when the news came that the suit had been filed. For, in his eyes, to have a case in the Privy Council was a distinction more precious than all the titles and orders which the Feringhee Government could bestow. Perhaps he was right, in his generation. When after many months the Lords delivered their judgment and advised her Majesty to reverse the decision of the Indian court and affirm the appeal, his pleasure became exquisite. In his imagination the happy appellant saw the mighty Queen-Empress in the robes of royalty seated on a throne, with the great nobles and judges in all their glory on humble benches before her, while she affixed her sign-manual to the decree. He rejoiced exceedingly, and the Brahmin priests, feasting sumptuously, shared his joy. This joy, however, was all that he gained by his success. A case is not fought up to the Privy Council for nothing. He had mortgaged his land to its full value, and sold all he had, even his wife's jewels, to pay the lawyers. He was beggared. Nevertheless, it was the best investment he could have made.

He was a man of great natural powers. During the long litigation he had developed a keen taste for law. He ap-

plied himself to study, having treatises and reports of cases read to him in his leisure time. A grand memory, unimpaired by what is called education, and an instinct for seizing the points of the case, aided him. He began by writing petitions for persons who wished to institute proceedings in the magistrate's court, and after a while obtained leave to practise as a pleader in the subordinate civil courts. Success rewarded him. All the time he could snatch from his clients' business he gave to study. Eventually he was promoted to a pleadership in the judges' court, and frequently received briefs in criminal cases from the Crown.

One thing, however, was lacking to his happiness—he was not a barrister-at-law, and never could be. But he had a son in whose person this ambition might be realized. He placed him in the school of a Scottish missionary in Benares, and when the boy had received the grounding of a thoroughly good English education, he sent him to London to acquire the language more perfectly, and to be called to the bar. Hence it came to pass that Gunga Bishun, Esq., barrister-at-law, was now returning to the home of his fathers.

It was a great day in the family the day of his home-coming. All the male relatives, connections and friends were down at the railway-station betimes to meet the "barster sâhib," and conduct him to his home with due honor. The father, now advanced in years, a portly person in flowing garments of spotless white, was in front swelling with pride, and rivalling the station-master in dignity of deportment. The relations and friends, men of like type, were grouped deferentially behind him. How should they dare to stand in the same line with the father of such a prodigy on such a gala-day? The train comes snorting and puffing up at last as trains are wont, in the East or the West, half an hour behind time. The doors of the

carriages are opened. Crowds of grimy passengers, black enough by nature, blacker still with the filthy smoke and smuts of the Indian coal, dismount, each with a huge bundle more grimy than himself. They crowd and jostle each other on the platform, all talking and shouting at once, as if they had come there for the one purpose of making a noise. Women, huddled up in long sheets, or shapeless over-garments, carrying babies astride on their hip, balancing huge bundles on their heads, and with the free arm dragging whimpering children, hurry along, not knowing where they are going. Some run one way, some the other, more like a flock of bewildered sheep than a crowd of human beings. Old women with shrill voices, unable to hear or comprehend anything said to them, are pulled or pushed along by daughters or relatives, or, failing natural guardians, by the railway officials. The confusion and noise, the heat, the dust, and the smells, surpass anything that even a metropolitan station on a bank holiday in August can produce.

And where all the time is the barrister sâhib whom we have come out to meet? Where is the returning hero, Gunga Bishun? The father bustles up and down through the throng of passengers, who have at last divined that there is some place besides the railway platform, and that there is a way out to it, towards which the living stream turns itself. He is excited now, and has forgotten his dignity. He is looking for a stout, middle-sized young man, clad in a black alpaca tunic, with a thick gold "albert" fastened across the breast, tight pantaloons of white calico, patent-leather boots with elastic sides, a neat and small black silk turban on his head, and a small Gladstone, Cawnpore-made, in his hand. Was it not thus that he had seen him go and come from Calcutta half a score of times? Was it not thus that he had

last appeared when he had started to cross the black water? He will of course be in the second-class. Gunga Bishun always travelled second. Ah! there at the farther end of the train are some Indian gentlemen alighting and pulling out innumerable packages and bundles of clothing from the carriage. See! there is one with a bird-cage. Gunga Bishun's mother is fond of birds. He has probably brought some strange bird for her from Villayut, good son that he is. Yes; that is he, doubtless. Off toddles the old man as quick as he can, his followers after him. He is disappointed. It is not his son. "The boy must have missed the train," he says, "or has been left behind at some station. What think ye? Let us give up the search, brothers, and return home." But hark! what is that? He hears a voice from a first-class carriage calling imperiously for porters. Before he can get there, two or three porters have run up, the door is opened and a gentleman descends. He is dressed in a suit of large checks, with a huge sun-helmet on his head. Just as the old man comes up, he turns his face. Is it possible? yes, this man, that for a moment he took for a European, is Gunga Bishun. It is he indeed. "Ah, father," he says, "how is your health?" and puts out his hand. But the old man has not learnt to shake hands, at least with his own people, and tries to fall on his neck and embrace him. The relations likewise press close to give him affectionate greeting. Seeing the European dress, the stiff all-round collar, the red silk scarf with the large gold pin, the hideous sun-hat, and the outstretched hand, all the marks of a sâhib in fact except the white skin, their enthusiasm flags, and they draw back instinctively and salaam. Some of them, however, volunteer to look after the barrister's baggage; others go to call the rickety old four-wheeler,

which carries the successful pleader to and from the courts. Before he went away Gunga Bishun was proud enough of this magnificent family coach. The father and son are helped to mount it—not an easy matter unless the passenger is skilled in jumping through a hoop, and the sun-helmet makes a violent contact with the roof as Gunga Bishun clammers in. As much luggage as possible, or rather more than is possible, is rammed in after them. The rest is piled on the roof. The sorry beast, with his prehistoric harness held together in places with a rope and twine, is whipped up into a shuffling trot by the sorrier driver, who is perched on the uncomfortable coach-box, dressed in a soiled cotton jacket that was once white, and a scanty dhotee that leaves his legs bare. The footman, in like livery, shares with a bundle of grass a precarious position on a board behind. The relations, connections and friends make each for his own conveyance—*ekkas* drawn by wiry haggard ponies, or bullock-coaches, comparatively neat and smart. So the procession sets out for the pleader's house, which is in one of the main streets of the town.

And the principal actors in this little scene of the son's return, is either of them satisfied with his part? I fear not. The old Hindoo hardly recognizes his boy in this imitation *sáhib*, who treats him in a cool supercilious fashion. Nor is this the sort of triumphant entry which the son had anticipated. He had hoped that his reception would have had something of a public character. Surely his fame must have caused some excitement. Was he not a barrister at law, the first that Benares had produced, and of the Inner Temple? No; he did not quite expect that any of the arrogant Englishmen would come down to meet him. But his own countrymen, the deputy-*sáhibs*, and the *tahsildars*, and the court

officials, and the members of the Municipal Board—they at least might have come to the station to welcome a compatriot returning with such honors after a long sojourn in foreign parts. This much at the least he had hoped for. Then for one who had driven about town in hansom cabs, who had taken smart women to Richmond in phaetons with fast horses and top-booted grooms—he was Prince Gunga on those days—the paternal vehicle which he had well-nigh forgotten was a surprise. This old Hindoo father with his antiquated clothes and primitive ways—he, too, was a shock. Even before he reached his home, Mr. G. Dubé felt that he could live in the fashion of his people no more. "These natives," he said to himself, unconsciously adopting the contemptuous style of English speech.

The barrister-at-law did not remain long with his father. First there was a great uproar among the Brahmins on account of caste matters, and strong objections were raised to receiving him back into communion. Scruples of this kind, however, even among the Brahmins, are not insuperable, if there is money to soften them; and as the money was forthcoming, Gunga Bishun was allowed, after many ceremonies and rites of purification, involving much feasting and generous gifts to the Brahmin priests, to live with his family, and to smoke and drink with his caste fellows. This union, however, was of short duration. The travelled Hindoo could not content himself with their way of life. The appetite he had acquired for strong meats and drinks could not be assuaged with the cold water and vegetarian diet of his father's house. He made little secret of his disbelief in the religion, or of his contempt for the ways, of his fathers, and it was soon rumored in Benares that he did not adhere to the laws of caste. One evening an enemy saw him coming out of a railway refreshment-



room. A meeting of the caste brethren was summoned, and it was found that he had been partaking of beef-steaks and bottled ale in the company of a Eurasian police-officer. This was an unpardonable sin. Gunga Bishun was formally excommunicated, and the whole family were threatened with a like doom if they held any intercourse with him. He dared not return to his father's house. So he rented a small bungalow in the European quarter of the station, put up a black board with "Mr. Gunga Bishun, barrister-at-law," painted on it in large white letters, and waited or touted for clients.

The only Hindoo visitor at the young barrister's bungalow was an old school-fellow, Shive Pershad, who, in spite of his education, had remained constant to the old religion and the old ways. In the evenings after office hours Shiva would go to sit with his friend, who was to be found usually smoking a cheroot and enjoying a brandy-and-soda after a hot day in court. But no ridicule or persuasion would induce him to share in these forbidden pleasures. Hanker as he might for a different life, the idea of breaking the caste laws and becoming unclean was to Shiva repulsive and intolerable. He listened, however, with delight and envy to the stories of his friend's experiences in London, which lost nothing in the telling. The somewhat sordid house in Bayswater, where the law student had lodged, became a palace grander than that of the Maharaja. The woman who kept it figured as a lady of birth and breeding, to whom even the Commissioner's wife would yield place. Her daughter, with whom Gunga Bishun had, according to his own account, carried on a warm flirtation, appeared as an English girl of beauty and refinement.

"I tell you," he would say, "they give themselves great airs here, but it is

very different in England. Why, in London, my dear boy, I was waited on by a *pukká mém-sáhib*, quite as good as the magistrate's wife. She used to ask leave to come in the morning to see what I would have for dinner, and she never thought of sitting down until I invited her to a seat. And as for her daughter or for that matter any of their daughters—well, they were very kind and good-natured," and Gunga Bishun would smile as if his recollections were of a most pleasant and confidential nature.

"Faugh!" he went on, "when I see you all salaaming and bowing down to these European fellows, I can hardly help laughing outright. It was the other way about in London, I can assure you, my dear boy. There they were all bowing down to me, and the girls thought I was a blooming prince. When I dined with Lord —, I took Lady — in to dinner, and she talked to me as if I had been her son, and introduced me to her daughters as an Indian nobleman. I had a real good time. I danced with one of them afterwards at a ball. Ah! what a fine girl; I could have danced all night with her without wanting to rest."

"Ah! how I envy you," said Shiva. "If I could go to England, marry an English girl, and live a year with her, I would give up the remainder of my life." He sighed, thinking of his weary days with the dull child he had to call his wife.

"What stuff, my dear fellow!" sneered Gunga Bishun; "you are a simpleton. You need give up nothing, but you must have money, and enough of it. You may go home" (England he meant) "and marry any of them, or as many of them as you choose. Yes, of course you can. Here, in India, these unclean dogs of English affect to despise us; but in London, I tell you, if a black man has money enough and calls himself a prince, he can go where

he likes, and enjoy himself as much as a Brahmin priest at Hurdwar fair. Ah!" he continued in Hindustani, and his little black eyes burnt like coals, "how I hate them all. Small wonder that Azimulla and the Nana sáhib sent their souls to hell. What would happen now if we got the same chance?"

Shiva shuddered. Brutality of this sort was not to his liking.

"I thought," he said, "you wished to mix with the sáhib-log. Did you not ask permission a little while ago to join their club? You have been seen driving round the station calling on all the chief people."

"That is true—and they told me I was not eligible for admission to the club. Of the men I called upon not one has returned my visit or asked me to his house. When I go to the public gardens where the band plays in the evenings, no one save the Commissioner and the magistrate speaks to me. The other evening I saw the Commissioner's daughter sitting in her carriage, so I went up and bowed to her. She took no more notice of me than if I had been one of her father's grooms. Not so much indeed, as I heard her afterwards speaking kindly to one of them. But at me she looked as if she did not see me at all. I was going to speak and introduce myself, when two young officers who were talking to her got in my way. 'Out of this with you, Baboo!' said one in his vile Hindustani; 'this is not the place for you,' and he glared at me as if he would strike me. So I walked quickly away. What else could I do?"

"Well," said Shiva, "it serves you right for breaking your caste and leaving your own folk. The girl does not know you, and who are you that you should thrust yourself forward to speak to her? You ought to know their customs better, as you have been to Europe."

"Customs! confound their customs! I

tell you in England none of their customs stood in my way. It is only the English here, these Anglo-Indians, who treat us thus. I hate them; I will do my best to make the people hate them and destroy them. Look at our numbers and at theirs. If we were men we should turn them all out of India to-morrow and rule the country ourselves. Look at the way we are treated. Think of the pay you get, and the salary they give that white-faced boy who came out yesterday. Don't you know and feel you are worth twenty of him? Yet he may be Lieutenant-Governor, and you or I cannot rise even to the rank he holds to-day. I tell you it is maddening, and it is foul injustice. Members of Parliament in London asked me why we submitted to it. We won't stand it. I used to meet many of our people in London, and they are all of one mind. If we could only act together, the thing would be done—quickly done, too."

"Doubtless," said Shiva. "When the lion lies down with the lamb. When the Mohammedan eats with the Hindoo and the Brahmin takes water from the hand of the pariah, then shall these things be. You will be joining the Congress soon, and that may please you; but I am a Government servant, as my father was before me, and I hope for promotion and pension. Are you a fighting man, or am I? What sort of saying is this of yours?" he continued, bursting into his mother tongue in his excitement. "It is altogether the speech of madness. If the white men are turned out, the power would not come into my hands or yours. Would you like that we should be the slaves of a Masalman emperor again?"

"You are afraid," replied Gunga. "I have joined the Congress, and I shall do all I can to further the cause. They fear us already, and there is much talk of appointing men to the Council by the votes of the majority of the people, as

they do in England. Then where will your Mohammedans be? Ho, you there! bring me another bottle of soda-water." And as Shiva rose to go he filled his tumbler, lit a fresh cheroot, and waved his hand with a "Ta! ta! dear boy," in the most recent style of the London swell.

These revolutionary schemes were not at all after Shiva's heart. He and his father were on the best of terms with the Englishmen, and had received nothing but kindness from them. His father, he was well aware, was both liked and respected by all the European officers. The distance between himself and the Englishmen he acknowledged to be due not to ill-feeling or pride, but to the great diversity of race, religion and social customs—a barrier which the Hindoo rather than the Englishman had built up. For his part he had no desire to overleap it; he had no sympathy, therefore, with Gunga Bishun's antipathy. Even if he had felt with him, he was by no means prepared to join in seditious schemes, and he had not the courage so much as even to contemplate armed resistance to the British Government. His friend, however, missed no opportunity of sneering at his humble position, regretting his poor prospects of advancement, until the poison of discontent took hold of Shiva, and he began to believe that he was really the victim of injustice. He began to think that if he could have gone to London he would have won a place in the great Civil Service, which, in the eyes of his class, is the very summit of ambition. Want of money had made that impossible for him, and the tyranny of the Government refused him the opportunity which an examination held in India would have afforded. He brooded over these things until he became moody and morose. Whether Gunga Bishun's influence would have driven him in time to give more active expression to his discontent can only

be conjectured, for their intercourse came to an end in this wise. The visits of Shiva to the barrister were observed, and brought to the notice of the caste. The orthodox Hindoos were bitterly hostile to Gunga Bishun, and would have no truck with him. They would have dealt with him as the Inquisition dealt with heretics in Alva's time. Four or five of them came one evening to call on Shiva's father, Sital Pershad, a retired official, who seldom went out, and had little knowledge of his son's doings and less of his feelings. To him all appeared to be going well. Shiva had risen rapidly to a responsible post, and his further promotion was only a question of time. He was taken by surprise when his friends told him they had come to complain of his son's conduct.

"Why, what has he done?" he asked. "He is a good son and dutiful. He works hard, I know, and the Commissioner tells me he is well pleased with him."

"It is not that," said Krishna Dubé, a stout Brahmin of some fifty years of age, holding a high post in the Maharaja of Benares' service, and noted for his strict orthodoxy and attention to caste observances. "We know your son is a good man, industrious, and not given to wine or women. What we come to complain of is his intimacy with that pariah Gunga whom we have expelled from caste, the unclean scoundrel! Every day after office your son goes and sits with him while he drinks brandy and commits sacrilege and eats the flesh of the cow. It is said that Shiva Pershad countenances him in this sin—nay, some assert, shares in it. How do we know it is not so? Some of the temple priests are saying that he also should be excommunicated."

"It is false!" said Sital hotly. "Shiva is a good Hindoo, and performs all the rights enjoined on Brahmins by our scriptures. If he visits his old friend

to talk English with him, what harm is there?"

"There is this harm, Baboo sáhib, that he will be led astray by Gunga. Do you not know scripture, 'The distance one should keep from a wicked man cannot be measured'?"

"Ay, I know that, Dubé sáhib; but I do not know that the barrister sáhib is wicked. He has broken our rules, it is true, and lost caste."

"What sort of saying is this?" said Krishna. "You don't call that wicked? Ah!" he cried, raising his voice, "just look at him! There he goes driving back from court in his dogcart. Mighty fine he thinks himself. He puts on European clothes and a tall hat, and imagines himself a sáhib. To my mind he is more like Mr. Joseph, the new Christian, who used to sweep the police-office. Ay, all these young men who learn English and go to college are of one sort. Each is wise in his own conceit, and, calling his forefathers damned fools, goes his own way."

"It is a true saying," said one of the others. "He went out last week to a village where a friend of mine lives—you know him, Lalla Mohun Lal—and he put up in the rest-house. Every day a basket of bread and fresh meat and vegetables came out to him from the district headquarters, just as if he was a magistrate sáhib. My friend, who has a big case in court, hearing that a barrister had come, went to salaam to him. There he was in the veranda, lolling in a long chair with his legs on the arms of it, drinking brandy-and-soda. When the Lalla appeared and salaamed, he got angry and said 'God damn!' exactly like a real sáhib."

"Ay, ay," chimed in another, "that is a true story. Did I not also hear it? But there is worse than that. What! have you not heard how he treated his own father, who, as we all know, stinted himself and his family for years in order to provide money for this ac-

cursed evil-doer to defile himself withal in London? When his father, the old pleader sáhib, whom we all respect, went to see him in his grand bungalow (for the poor old man could not live without a sight of his son, outcaste though he is), he was kept waiting half an hour in the veranda. When he was admitted into the presence, the barrister took out his grand gold watch, and before the old man could utter a word, 'Well, what dost thou come for?' he said. 'Be quick and say what thou hast to say. I am very busy to-day, and can only spare thee five minutes.' The old man himself told me with tears in his eyes, and said, 'You see, brother, what we get by sending our sons to these English colleges.'"

"True, indeed," chorused the hearers, "that is our reward."

"And that will be your reward also, my friend," said Krishna, turning to Sital Pershad, "if you let your son associate with this evil-liver. Moreover, brother, we warn you that the caste-folk will not suffer it. We have had enough of scandal over this Gunga Bishun, and we do not wish that our sons should be led away by his example. I tell you in the name of the Caste Committee that unless Shiva Pershad stops his intercourse with Gunga Bishun we will excommunicate him and you."

And then, with formal obeisances to the master of the house, they shuffled on their slippers, which they had left in the veranda, and stalked away slowly and impressively.

Thus it was brought about that Shiva ceased to visit the barrister and shunned meeting with him. The post often brought him letters addressed to "Shiva Pershad, Esq.," urging him to come and see him. He dared not answer or obey them.

Meanwhile Gunga Bishun went his own way. He spoke at Congress meetings, demanded representative govern-

ment, shrieked wildly for the repeal of the Arms Act and the reduction of the British army, and declaimed, in periods that Burke might have envied, against the tyranny of the Government in refusing to allow the millions of India, who were eager to shed their blood for their country, to be enrolled as volunteers. "Arm us," he would exclaim to audiences of admiring schoolboys—"Arm us, and we will roll back for you the tide of Russian conquest; arm us,

Blackwood's Magazine.

and you need fear no foe within or without; arm us, and your finances will recover their prosperity, your treasury will overflow, you need pay for no army, and the English soldiers may embark in your ships and return to their own shore." He spoke well, and in point of style, and of matter too, perhaps, his speeches were not far behind the recess orations of the average member of the Lower House, and had more effect.

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#### MR. RHODES'S OXFORD BEQUEST.

There was nothing more touching in Mr. Rhodes's career and death than his devotion to Oxford. To him the conventions about *alma mater* were in no sense conventional. He had really loved and revered his nursing mother, and desired not merely to do her honor but to pay back some of the debt he owed her. In this, of course, Mr. Rhodes was not singular, though he carried his love and admiration much further than most men. In a certain section of the English middle class the feeling of devotion to their old University—we are dealing with Oxford at the moment, but the same thing might be said almost in the same words about Cambridge—always remains a dominant emotion. How often one meets a quiet business man without special distinction of any kind who deep down in his heart cherishes an intense love of Oxford. He is, in a quiet, undemonstrative way, extremely proud of having been at Oxford. His Oxford days probably made a deeper emotional impression upon him than anything else in his life, and he looks back upon his undergraduate days as the only time in his existence that was really crowned with light.

Oxford touched his heart, and he has never forgotten it. If this happens to the commonplace man, still more strongly does it happen to the man who, like Mr. Rhodes, is at bottom a dreamer and a creature of the imagination. If he once learns to love Oxford the impression is never effaced, and a certain feeling of loyalty and devotion to his old University gets woven into the very texture of his mind. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, not exactly a dreamer—in some ways his mind was a very practical one—but he was a man of imagination, and we know how the thought of Oxford always stirred his heart. When he lay dying, what, we believe, touched him most was the fact that the University officially and as the University sent a deputation to his bedside.

It is because we realize and appreciate this wonderful power of Oxford to touch men's hearts, as well as their minds, that we feel so profoundly the good service that Mr. Rhodes has done in making Oxford a kind of academic centre for the Anglo-Saxon race. He realized what Oxford had done for him, and he desired that this potent force



should be utilized for the English-speaking world as a whole. And we believe that by and through Oxford's power to touch men's hearts his wish will be accomplished, and that the undergraduates who come from all parts of the habitable earth in answer to Mr. Rhodes's call will go back as missionaries of the spirit which, with all its faults and failings and all its temporary aberrations and long-drawn-out eclipses, Oxford has never failed to maintain. The fire has never been wholly extinguished at Oxford. Sometimes it has shown but a feeble flicker; sometimes nothing but smoke clouds have been visible; sometimes the heaps of dust and ashes have been far more conspicuous than the flame; but for all that the flame has never been put out, and always, and even in the days when the smoke-clouds have been densest, men have been able to light at Oxford torches that have illumined the world.—Did not John Wesley, even in Oxford's gloomiest hour, light there the lamp of the spirit which saved the latter half of the eighteenth century from utter spiritual darkness?

Mr. Rhodes's will has made an open road by which many men may journey to Oxford to learn there that man does not live by bread alone, or even by the making of machinery, or by any exhibition of mere material force, but through a spiritual flame which is behind and controls all these physical phenomena. Of course this great lesson can be and is learned in hundreds of places besides Oxford. She has no monopoly of the secret. All that she has in a special and peculiar degree is the power of touching the heart, and so making that secret more easily accepted and understood. It must not be supposed that the lads who come from British Columbia or Queensland, from Chicago or San Francisco, from Bulawayo or New Zealand, will become Anglicized and turned away from the

supreme love and duty they owe to their own Motherlands by their stay in Oxford. That is not merely not possible, but in no sense to be desired. They could never learn to love Oxford and get from her what she has to give, if they did not love more, and with a deeper, closer love, their own great Republic or their own free nations within the British Empire. Mr. Rhodes's bequest would have failed utterly if it had tried to turn a certain number of men born elsewhere into Englishmen. What is intended, and what we believe may be and will be accomplished, is that certain chosen men from throughout the English-speaking world will be able to become initiated into that free and gentle spirit which in learning regards the power to learn and to receive rather than the accumulation of facts, and in the affairs of life thinks more of the ultimate object to be gained than the success of the moment—an attitude well illustrated in the world of sport by those who value the game above the prize. We have little fear, then, that the Rhodes scholars who come from the ends of the earth will not each according to his capacity be affected by the Oxford spirit. We are certain that in whatever other part of their education Oxford fails, she will not fail in that. They may very likely return home to find that their old school companions have made much more progress in the material side of education, and know far more not only about steam-engines and gases than they do, but about history and classics and systems of philosophy. The men who have been at Oxford, however, will have acquired a sense of intellectual fellowship which will bind them not merely to Oxford and to each other, but to whatever is liberal and of good report in the intellectual forces of the past. For the spirit of which we speak is not, as we have said already, and never was, the monopoly of Oxford.

Thousands who have shown that spirit at its best have never known Oxford, while thousands again who have been at Oxford have no part whatever in such sweetness and light. All that Oxford can claim is that her gardeners of the mind have a happy knack of making the seeds they sow grow, and she can and does make her children love her.

All this, we may be told, is very pretty and idyllic; but where, it will be asked, are the great political advantages that it has been said will flow from the Rhodes scholarships? "You admit that the students will not be in any sort of way Anglicized. They will remain, that is, Americans, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, New Zealanders and Germans. Why, then, should the politician trouble about the matter?" That is, we venture to think, a very short-sighted view. The political results will be great and beneficent, though they will not be the obvious results that might be expected by a superficial observer. The Rhodes students from throughout the Empire will be strengthened in their allegiance to the Empire in the best possible way—*i. e.*, through an increase in their pride in and love for their *native* land. They will be proud to boast their origin in Oxford, and will increase in that wholesome pride by competition with men from other parts of the Empire. But while they will carry back with them to the ends of the earth a stronger, not a weaker local patriotism, they will also in many cases carry back a love for a piece of English soil and

for English friends, and a genuine understanding of the Mother-country. Of course, knowledge and understanding can produce hate as well as love; and a South African, say, who had got to know us in Oxford might learn to hate as well as to love. These cases, however, would, we feel sure, be the exception. Even the men who did not find the British people sympathetic would at any rate not make the kind of blunders about us now made through absolute ignorance. Putting it at the very lowest, by the time Mr. Rhodes's scholarships have been in existence thirty years the Empire will be dotted over with men who will be able to understand clearly the British point of view. This applies equally to the case of the students from the United States. The Americans who have come here as lads will never feel quite the same about England and Oxford. They may not become Anglo-maniacs—indeed, we sincerely hope they will not—but at least they will realize that the British Islands are not in the feudal stage, and that people here do not go about the world, as many Americans suppose, always trying to fall down and worship lords and ladies. In truth, Mr. Rhodes's bequest is a most striking beginning in the work of creating a "union of hearts" in the Anglo-Saxon world. That kind of connection is the best and strongest possible, and if it can be secured our race may be afraid neither of internal strife nor of foreign foes. If and when it is secured, Oxford and Mr. Rhodes will be found to have no mean share in the great work.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's official record of the tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the *Ophir* bears the somewhat romantic but appropriate title "The Web of Empire."

Eleanor C. Price has availed herself with unusual skill of the possibilities which the period of the First Empire offers to the writer of historical romance, and her "Angelot" is a really welcome addition to the long list of stories of its order. Its heroine, the daughter of a noble family of Bourbon sympathies but Imperialist professions; its hero, her cousin, on the point of casting in his lot with the Chouan rebels; and its villain, one of Napoleon's bourgeois generals—the complications of the plot hold the interest to the end, while there is a delicacy of detail, both in narrative and in character-drawing, which tempts to leisurely reading. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"The Prince Incognito" of Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer's delightful story of the eighteenth century, is heir to the principality of Modena, and it is a quarrel with his father which leads to the mad adventure in which he woos and marries the daughter of a Protestant pastor in the Cevennes. The anger of the French Court; the flight of the pair to Martinique, the girl in page's disguise; the discovery there of the Prince's identity, and the struggle between his reviving ambition and his love; and the wife's final renunciation—all are touchingly told by the heroine of the romance. Mrs. Latimer's close familiarity with the period has made it possible for her to give an unusual air of realism to her story, and the concluding pages almost make the reader doubt whether it is fiction or

the stranger fact that has so held his interest. A. C. McClurg & Co.

A noteworthy feature in the substantial volume entitled "Windows for Sermons," which the Funk & Wagnalls Co. publish, is the preliminary discussion of the art of homiletic illustration by the author, the Rev. Louis Albert Banks. Out of his own experience in a metropolitan pulpit, Mr. Banks writes sensibly and discriminatingly of the principles which underlie the presentation of religious truth, and his plea for more of the pungent and the concrete will be welcomed by those readers—lay as well as professional—who find in the vagueness of much modern preaching the reason for its ineffectiveness. The body of the book is devoted to illustrative anecdotes and extracts, selected with especial reference to their timeliness, and a topical index adapts them to easy practical use.

"The Griffin Series," in which Henry T. Coates & Co. purpose to issue fresh fiction of a high grade at an exceptionally low price, makes a very favorable impression at the outset. Bound in semi-flexible cloth, of a rich, dark red, with the griffin for its cover design, and bearing the name of A. T. Quiller-Couch, "The Westcotes" is a book to attract the eye at once. The scene of the story is laid in the south of England, during the Napoleonic period, with French prisoners of war figuring among its leading characters, and the contrast of national types is effectively managed. Dorothea Westcote's romance is the central interest of the plot, and one more delicately and subtly delineated it would be hard to find. Her brothers, too—the squire and the archæologist—are admirably drawn.

## THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

The boats go out and the boats come in  
Under the wintry sky;  
And the rain and foam are white in  
the wind,  
And the white gulls cry.

She sees the sea when the wind is wild  
Swept by the windy rain:  
And her heart's a-weary of sea and  
land  
As the long days wane.

She sees the torn sails fly in the foam,  
Broad on the sky-line gray;  
And the boats go out and the boats  
come in,  
But there's one away.

*Arthur Symons.*

## THE DEAD FRIEND.

## I.

When you were alive, at least,  
There were days I never met you.  
In the study, at the feast,  
By the hearth, I could forget you.  
Moods there were of many days  
When, methinks, I did not mind you.  
Now, oh now, in any place  
Wheresoe'er I go, I find you!  
You . . . but how profoundly changed,  
Oh you dear-belov'd dead woman!  
Made mysterious and estranged,  
All-pervading, superhuman.  
Ah! to meet you as of yore,  
Kind, alert and quick to laughter;  
You, the friend I loved Before;  
Not this tragic friend of After.

## II.

The house was empty where you came  
no more;  
I sat in awe and dread;  
When, lo! I heard a hand that shook  
the door;  
And knew it was the Dead.  
One moment—ah!—the anguish took my  
side,

The fainting of the will.  
"God of the living, leave me not!" I  
cried,  
And all my flesh grew chill.  
One moment—ah!—the anguish took my  
heart  
And open flung the door:  
"What matter whence thou comest,  
what thou art?—  
Come to me!" . . . Nevermore.

## III.

They lie at peace, the darkness fills  
The hollow of their empty gaze.  
The dust falls in their ears and stills  
The echo of our fruitless days;  
The earth takes back their baser part;  
The brain no longer bounds the  
dream;  
The broken vial of the heart  
Lets out its passion in a stream.  
And in this silence that they have,  
One inner vision grows more bright:  
The Dead remember in the grave  
As I remember here to-night.

*A. Mary F. Robinson.*

## A PATHLESS WAY.

You will not love me for a day,  
Yet I have loved you all the year;  
Your heart is deaf to all I say,  
And never knows when I am near.  
We meet as we have met before,  
And, touching hands, are far apart;  
Though love can bring me to your door,  
I know no way to reach your heart.

But, tossed on trackless seas, the  
barque  
Can find a way across the foam;  
The bird will cleave the untrodden  
dark,  
Nor miss the path that leads to home.  
And if I love you blindly yet,  
And dearer as the days go past,  
My heart may all its pain forget.  
And find the way to yours at last.

*A. St. John Adcock.*

*Chambers's Journal.*